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MY LITTLE BOAT.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

- I dreamed that in a little boat
 I drifted out to sea;
 I left the lighthouse far remote
 Upon the rugged lea.
 The night was dark, and not a star
 Upon the waters shone;
 My little barque and I were far
 Amid the gloom, alone!
- But, by and by my little boat
 On ocean's bosom lay
 Becalmed, and would no longer float
 Me on toward the day.
 No winds upon the gloomy flood
 In whispers spake to me;
 I felt myself alone with God,
 Upon the sleeping sea!
- And in the end my tiny boat
 Was cast upon the strand;
 And broken, nevermore would float
 Me from the beauteous land.
 Keep near the shore, my little bark,
 For thou dost bear my soul;
 Nor tempt the elements that mark
 And bend to God's control!

Pretty and Proud:

THE GOLD-BUG OF FR'ISCO

A Story of a Girl's Folly. BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "MADCAP, THE LITTLE QUA-KERESS," "THE GIRL RIVALS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

THERE are mental sufferings for which there is no opiate but death—when death and the grave are looked forward to as a sweet relief. Such agony as this did Esther Silverman endure when she came out of that long swoon and was left alone in her room by her anxious and wondering servants.

left alone in her room by her anxious and won-dering servants.

Miss Silverman's very servants were proud and fond of her; Rosine and Mephistopheles were troubled enough at her condition, and still more worried by the unaccountable absence of Miss Mercedes. The man, in particular, felt a sad presentiment that something strange and painful had taken place, for he was cognizant of the long interview which his mistress had held with the disreputable-appearing stranger on the previous night.

on the previous night.

More than once he knocked at the door of her

More than once he knocked at the door of her room, receiving no answer, and going away with a perplexed expression.

Esther Silverman, her long dark hair streaming over her shoulders, her face livid, her eyelids swollen with crying, was walking restlessly up and down, or throwing herself on the couch in deeper and ever darker bursts of despair. Once she moaned aloud:

Once she moaned aloud:

"My punishment—my punishment has come!"
What could she have done that she should suffer so bitterly, yet acknowledge it as a punishment for some sin or error of hers?

any woman lived a fairer life before the world.

Even the envious had never pointed the finger of scandal at her.

Handsome, rich, independent, with brilliant manners and a generous desire to do more than her part in society, she had been as popular as she could desire—a leader and favorite. Not a month of her life for the last twelve years but she had been compelled to listen to a declara-tion of love from some man whom her many charms of face or fortune, or both, had bewitched. Everybody knew that Esther Silvermar remained unwed from choice. But nobody knew

why she chose to be.

Nor would any one have understood to what she referred when, in her great anguish, she talked about "her punishment."

The endless hours of the long morning were wearing into afternoon when Meph came to the

Lord Henry Essex is in the drawing-room.

Miss Silverman."
"Tell him I am ill—quite unfit to see any one; and ask him if he will call at this hour to-mor-

The eager light went out of Lord Henry's blue eyes when the obsequious servant delivered this message. He was very sorry his charming host-ess of the previous evening was ill. She must be very ill, he thought, to prevent Miss Mercedes from leaving her long enough to see him for a few moments. He had anticipated—every thing!—from the visit of this morning—to see

thing!—from the visit of this morning—to see the smile come into those dark eyes, the light glint on that gold hair, to hear the thrill of the low voice, to feel the delicious sympathy of stolen glances, to watch the sunrise color shoot up into the soft cheek.

It is not what lovers say to each other that makes the charm. It is that secret, shy, subtle understanding that grows up between them, as by magic. And he had flattered himself that some such mysterious sympathy already existed some such mysterious sympathy already existed between the lovely American and himself. He was "full five fathoms deep" in love. Reckless of the fact that his father was an



"How dare you speak to me so, sir? You know that I do not care for you."

As he went down the steps again he felt dull and homesick. He was three-quarters inclined to believe that he was an egregious egotist, and man and learned that her niece was still away; went back to England in New York a few days; called on Miss Silverman and learned that her niece was still away; went to fine for you, Mercedes! You put it on an' man and learned that her niece was still away; went back to England in poor spirits; and soon from over the sea there floated a rumor to his meant nothing at all of what he had thought.

He was miserable all day; he half-resolved to return immediately to England; but he was not sallowed to shut himself up in his room at the hotel as he would have liked, as an English lord is too precious a creature to be allowed to waste his time in solitude after the hunters of New York society once give chase. He was dragged to Central Park, albeit the day was cold and with the Goldmines and went to the opera with the Kerosenes, ending a weary day by dancing the German at Mrs. Wholesale's.

At none of these distinguished places did he for the only force and florw, which had charmed and homesick. He was three-quarters inclined in New York a few days; called on Miss Silverman and soch and still you, we'll astonish the niece was still away; went back to England in poor spirits; and soon from over the sea there floated a rumor to his Mercedes's refined taste shrunk from the dismarried to his cousin, Lady Maud; and Esther Survey went back to England in poor spirits; and soon from over the sea there floated a rumor to his Mercedes 's refined taste shrunk from the dismarried to his cousin, Lady Maud; and Esther Survey as a vise child that knows it is constant?

"Mr. Brant! that's a good joke! However, I reckon it's hard on you—gettin' used to yer father! They say 'it's a wise child that knows its own father.' You never were wise till you con inside of the last fortnight, Mercedes, ha, ha! Do you look well enough? He folded his arms, squinted one eye and took a good observation.

At none of

the German at Mrs. Wholesale's.

At none of these distinguished places did he find the only face and figure which had charms for him. Plenty of fair, elegant girls, stylish young creatures, full of spirit and wit, dressed like angels, in long clinging robes of shimmering silken textures bespattered with flowers and inverse, girls quite the aways of the Lody Mays. jewels—girls quite the equals of the Lady Mays and Ediths he knew in the charmed circle of May-fair—but not the slender, dark girl whose dusky eyes and sunbeam hair had caught his idle heart in their net. There were 'none like her, none.' Lord Henry went to bed certain that Miss Silverman must be very ill, and that her niece could not have seen him when he called. Punctually at noon the following day he called

again, and was admitted. As he waited, with fast-throbbing pulse, in the soft gloom of the luxurious drawing-room, Miss Silverman her-self advanced to meet him, out of the long vista of the suit of rooms

He arose and held out his hand, saying earn-

"How glad I am to find you able to be up, Miss Silverman!" and then, as her cold fingers touched his, he saw that she must have been very ill, indeed.

She was pale as death, with black circles un-der her eyes and a haggard look which made her strangely unlike the brilliant, handsome lady he had so much admired; but she kept her easy manners and her talent for small-talk, and de-precating his anxiety for her health, dashed off

into a lively conversation.

His lordship's blue eyes, however, roved rest-lessly, considering how well-bred a man he was, at every slightest sound, while his ear was strained to hear the rustle of a silken robe which did not come. At last his hostess said smi-

"You must not expect to see Miss Mercedes to-day. She has gone on a visit."
"I regret missing the pleasure of seeing her,"

was the stiff reply.

The words seemed to freeze on the lips of the caller; but it was not his place to ask questions, nor did he; though he lingered some time in the hope that more information might be vouch-

At last Miss Silverman said, as if in pity for

Reckless of the fact that his father was an earl, with a general distrust of untitled belles and a particular prejudice against "la belle Americaine"—heedless of the bitter opposition state of mind:

"My niece has gone to her relatives; she will be away all winter."

In the midst of his keen disappointment Lord Henry had chewed the betel-leaves of a first passion, and his pulse fired and heart burned with the sweet intoxication. He had even gone so far in his madness as to say to himself:

"I wonder if she has heart-disease, poor lady in the said, as he arose to go: "I am sorry I made he will be as charmed as I am. Her peculiar he said a pain there and that a more ashen pallor spread over her face.

"I wonder if she has heart-disease, poor lady." he thought. Then, in his own candid way, he said, as if in pity for his state of mind:

"I wonder if she had a pain there and that a more ashen pallor spread over her face.

"I wonder if she in a pain there are the said as he arose to go: "I am sorry I made down the small private parlor of their suit of rooms, trying to steady her brain and get some grasp upon her new life, when Brant entered.

"I wonder if she were truly in her senses, so strange and foreign to all her past expenses, and sown the senses, so strange and foreign to all her past expenses of his shage to go for their suit of rooms, trying to steady her brain and get some grasp upon her new life, when Brant entered.

"I wonder if she were truly in her senses, so strange and foreign to all her past expenses, and sown leads and sown the senses, so strange and foreign to all her past expenses of a first han once she doubted if she were truly in her assets in senses, so strange and foreign to all her past expenses, and sown leads and farm a more ashen pallor spread over her face.

"I wonder what the nabobs will say when I show over the past at that elegant creature whom he called his child: "Well done, daughter! You've made good friends with her. Will you give her my regards when you write to her, please do ne

open window-frame, as yet guiltless of sash.

The following day they resumed their monotonous journey, nor did they leave the cars again until the train reached San Francisco. Here they went to the Palace Hotel, and Brant ordered his daughter to "put money in her purse" and go

daughter to "put money in her purse" and go out shopping.

"I want you to understand, miss, that I'm a big man out here," he said to her, "if I ain't dressed-up and sweetened like one o' them New York whipper-snappers. I'll jest leave the dressin' to you! You do it up brown; fur we'll have some o' the big-bugs a-callin' on us in this here little parlor, if my presence in Fr'isco becomes known. There's Sharon and Murphy an' alot of 'em that want to see me on business. They'll be 'em that want to see me on business. They' in here to-morrow. I'll order a carriage you drive out an' get things to fix yourself and to her intense surprise, her rough

nanded her a purse so heavy with gold double-eagles that she could hardly lift it. She was tired of her dusty, grimy traveling-suit, and half-dead though she was, with menstal distress and bodily weariness, felt some faint interest stirring in her dull heart, at the pro-spect of a fresh toilet, and a bath before the new nings were donned. She purchased three or four ready-made Pa

sian dresses, and such other articles as were eded for a comfortable but very modest out-

When she returned to their rooms, at the hotel, her father was gone. She took time for a luxurious bath, combed and brushed out her wonderful hair, put it up high on her head, as women'th har, but it is might of her head, as she was accustomed to wear it—with some difficulty, for she was used to the services of a maid—and chose, out of the three which had been sent home to her, a black velvet dress, with a bit of lace at the neck and wrists. Lastly, she fastened in her hair and on the black softness of the supportions velvet, which covered her of the sumptuous velvet which covered her bosom, a half-opened white rose, which she had noted and bought of a flower-vender on her way back to the hotel.

way back to the hotel.

All the time she was making her toilet she was thinking with surprise of what her father had said about being "a big man out here;" and of the money he had so freely given her. More than once she doubted if she were truly in her senses, so strange and foreign to all her past experience was her present. She was walking up

But you oughter wear more jewelry. Blast it! I tell you, we can afford it!"

"But I don't like it. Girls of my age do not wear such heavy ornaments. Cannot you trust to my taste about getting myself up to please

you? He took another squint at the graceful creature to whom he had lately set up a pre-emption right. She was paler than he would have liked, her manners were very quiet, she scarcely spoke

her manners were very quiet, she scarcely spoke above her breath, and yet she dazzled, confounded and overruled him.

"I don't know but what you're right; you look just as I want you to; I'm sorry I wasted good gold on this gim-crack, then," and he shut up the morocco-case with a sigh. "If there's anything you would like, in that line, I'll get 'em to exchange it to-morrow."

"Take me with you when you go, and I will see."

"Well, I will. Dinner's ready, an' so am I.

I ain't set down to a square meal since we left New York. Come!"

"I wish we could have our meals in our room, Mr. Brant.

Mr. Brant."

"Ashamed of me?" asked the man, quickly,
with a sharp look which brought a blush of conscious guilt to the girl's pale cheeks. "I can't altogether blame you fur that. We ain't been
brought up in the same school. I can tell you hough, miss, before a year more goes over our neads there'll be hundreds of young ladies as high-flying as you that would give their right hands to call me their father. There's plenty, this minute, would like to be in your sho Don't you turn up your nose till you knowhat's in the bag. Come, I want my fodder. what's in the bag. Come, I want my fodder."

He offered his arm with some show of gallantry, and they went down the broad staircase and on into the grand dining-room, whose various tables were half-filled by respectable-appearing people. There were many finely-dressed ladies and some gentlemen in the crowd of busy

Benjamin Brant purposely chose the center Benjamin brant purposely chose the center aisle, walking the whole length of it, before he would accept the seats proffered him by different servants.

Every eye followed the pair on their way up the room. It was not that they were so ill-as-sorted—that was seen often enough in the land of gold—but that Mercedes had that magnetic charm which is more powerful than beauty and fascinates the attention at first glance. Her dark eyes looked straight before her as she dark eyes looked straight before her as she paced up the long room; the trailing black vel-vet clung to her supple, slender figure; her face was as pale and rich with hidden fire as some cream-white blossom that folds over a rosy heart; her crown of glimmering hair, with its golden crimpled fringe along her forehead, set off her dusky heapty strangely. She was so golden crimpled fringe along her forehead, set off her dusky beauty strangely. She was so young, and yet it seemed as if she never smiled; for Mercedes was not now that joyous girl who had come down to her own rose-bud dinner party with such glad anticipations of life. There was something haughty and repressed in the pale composure of her young face of which she was not herself aware; but her movements were those of polished grace; and the simple sumptuousness of her plain black dress was a lesson in the art of dressing to every lady who looked on her. The white rose in her bosom was looked on her. The white rose in her bosom was

not more perfectly a lovely rose than Mercedes was a lovely woman.

As Brant seated his daughter at the second table at the left hand, he bowed to some one sitting at the first, and then took his own seat with a feeling of quiet exultation that was excellent sauce to his appetite. If he had chosen that place knowing that William Alexander would see him as he came up, and notice his daughter, he had not been disappointed; the man did notice the young lady, flushing to the roots of his iron-gray hair with surprise and admiration.

"What's Brant doing with a girl like that?"

he asked himself. The waiters were very attentive to Mr. Alexander; he was evidently a person of some importance. Mr. Brant whispered to his daugh-

ter:

"Look straight ahead of you, at that fellow at the next table, with gray hair and black mustache. That's Bill Alexander—one o' the big-bugs of this country—worth millions, now, an' getting richer all the time; friend of mine, too. How do you like his looks?"

"I'don't like them," was the direct answer, given after Mercedes had lifted her glorious, dusky eyes for a glance, en passant, at the person indicated.

son indicated. on indicated.

"Sorry for that. Hope you'll change your mind. He's a friend o' mine. He's a widower, little gal, so mind your eye! They say he's a powerful admirer of the fair sex. Who knows, now, but my daughter, if she were sharp enough, might get to be mistress of his millions?"

now, but my daughter, it she were sharp enough, might get to be mistress of his millions?"

"I'm not sharp enough; and it hurts me, sir, to hear such remarks from you. Please remember that I am a lady."

"As if ladies never set their caps fer rich men! They all do it—the best of 'em! I've seen dozens of 'em doing it in this very hote!! They're crazy after Bill Alexander. I was in hopes you would fancy him," in a disappointed tone. "He lives purty high, but he ain't a bad fellow, and you could take the shine off every woman in Fr'isco without half tryin."

Mercedes shivered inwardly but made no reply. The public table was not the place to hold such a conversation. The one glance she had given the millionaire had prejudiced her against him forever. She had found him watching her with those greedy eyes which some men always fix on young and beautiful women—eyes, not so much of honest admiration as of gloating covetousness. His face was not otherwise repulsive. He was a handsome man of middle age; not forty, evidently, although the nervous strain of a life like his was bleaching his dark hair already. Something like a smilling sneer hovered about his lips under the shadow of his waxed mustache. His face was not very full, but his figure was beginning to grow heavy. He had the cool yet excited air of a gambler, though he only gambled in mining stocks; there was a rose in his button-hole, and a diamond as large as a hazel-nut on his little finger.

Mercedes, without as much as lifting a lash from her drooping eyes, knew that he watched her all through the many courses of the tiresome dinner, and inwardly she grew angry and restless, while outwardly calm as some lily dreaming on its starlit pool.

As Ben Brant dropped four cubes of sugar in its starlit pool.

ness, while outwardly calm assome my dreaming on its starlit pool.

As Ben Brant dropped four cubes of sugar in his cafe noir Mr. Alexander deserted his chair, coming over to their table and holding out his hand to the other man in a friendly way.

"When did now out head from the Eart"

hand to the other man in a friendly way.

"When did you get back from the East?"

"To-day. Didn't stay long, did I? Only
went to bring my daughter out. Her first
visit to Fr'isco. Mr. Alexander, my daugh-

Mercedes nodded her royal head very

"Please do not introduce me to people in these public places," she said to her father, under her breath; but the "nabob" heard her, "His daughter!" he thought to himself, in astonishment. "This is indeed 'grapes out of thistles,' or however the good book has it!" Then aloud:

Can I see you on business this evening,

Brant?" Brant?"
"Yes. Come to my parlor, No. 24, at seven o'clock. Want to see you."
The millionaire bowed as carelessly as the girl had done, and walked off down the room

girl had done, and walked off down the room with a jaunty air.

"Didn't I tell you I was friends with all the big-bugs?" Brant whispered. "Now, child, you can be of some use to me, if you will. I'm bound to make a ten-strike this winter, and you can help me, if you will."

"How, sir?"

"I will give you a hint when we get upstairs," and having drained his cup to the last drop, he wiped his mouth with a sigh of satisfaction, and walked down the room as if he had been the Sultan of Persia.

For Ben Brant had much of a certain sort of

For Ben Brant had much of a certain sort of sharpness, and was quick to see the profound impression made by his daughter. He knew, perfectly well, that half of the men at table were waiting, pretending to sip their coffee until she glided back again through their ranks The fact not only immensely pleased him, but

The fact not only immensely pleased him, but he built a plan on it.

"I know just how them fellows feel—kinder overcome and awed, and yet in love with her beauty. Why, I'm her own father, an' yet she makes me treat her as if she were a princess! I can't get used to her. But I'll crow shanghai over Alexander now, you bet. If she ain't his wife in less'n three months you may take my hat! Don't like him, eh? That's only a girl's fancy. I'll overcome that. How the men's eyes follow her! 'Twas a lucky find when I went East for her. I hope she won't get homesick and mope, for that'll spile her good looks."

There was a large crowd hovering about the dining-room door when Brant and his daughter made their exit. When they reached their parlor Brant said:

What I want you to do, daughter, ain't "What I want you to do, daughter, ain't much. It's only to stop in the room this evening, when Alexander, and perhaps one or two others, come in. I don't call on you to talk or sing, or anything—jest to set still. Here's the evening paper you can read."
"I'm weary, father. Why should I remain to hear you talk business?"
A cunning smile flickered over Brant's weather-tanned face.
Coarse as his own nature was, he already be-

Coarse as his own nature was, he already be-

ways. I want 'em to see for themselves. Am I unreasonable, girl?' Mercedes could not reply except by a faint motion of the head. She took the paper he handed her and sat down by the little table. The window was open, for the day had been like one in May; but now the chill sea-fog camerolling in, and Brant closed the sash. He drew a chair not far from her, and, rolling his quid in his cheek, stared at her as if she had not yet ceased to be an object of intense curiosity and ceased to be an object of intense curiosity and pleasure to him. Mercedes felt his gaze, but kept her own eyes glued to the paper. It was not long before a knock sounded on their door, and Alexander came in with another gentleman by the name of F—n, who was introduced to the young lady. Mercedes returned immediately to her newspaper, and the three men, drawing their chairs together, conversed in low voices, earnestly. She heard enough to undervoices, earnestly. She heard enough to understand that they were talking about some new mines in Nevada—silver mines recently discovered—but such subjects had little interest for her, and her thoughts went back to that last night at home, and the pair of eager blue eyes which had made that evening a wonder and a rapture to her; the paper slipped from her hand, she forgot where she was, all that happened between that night and this.

Something startled her from her dream, and

pened between that night and this.

Something startled her from her dream, and looking up, she found Mr. Alexander's eyes fixed full upon her with bold admiration, and a vivid blush swept over her beautiful face. At this the gold-bug smiled meaningly.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GOLD-BUG.
BRANT and his daughter remained two week at the hotel. He appeared somewhat different from at first; evidently made a great effort to appear "genteel;" wore broadcloth, instead of the rough garments in which he had hitherto seemed to take pleasure, with ruby studs in his white linen shirt-front; and was obsequiously devoted to his child. Every morning he took devoted to his child. Every morning he took her out for a drive; their rooms were full of flowers; everything which mere money could purchase for her, she had. The weather was delicious, and this alone aided the poor girl to endure the unhappiness of her position. She despised her father, hated their hotel life, was sick of the admiration which dogged her every step. She felt utterly forlorn and friendless; her soul was imbittered even toward her Aunt

Esther, whom she had once idolized.

Brant had telegraphed to Miss Silverman of their safe arrival in San Francisco, with a request that his daughter's clothing and keepsakes should be sent there to the Palace Hotel; and one day a large trunk arrived, over which Mercades shed scorebing tears, as she took out of it.

one day a large trunk arrived, over which Mercedes shed scorching tears, as she took out of it articles, which, by their familiarity, called up old associations too vividly.

That evening she dressed for dinner in that sacred toilet which she had worn on her birthday—sacred to her now, from the memories it evoked; and as the creamy silk and tulle flowed about her, she experienced a feeling of safety and protection which stilled a nameless fear that now constantly troubled her.

"Let us have dinner here, father." she plead-

"Let us have dinner here, father," she plead-. "See! I am dressed too much for the pub-table. This was the dress I wore on my eighteenth birthday—the day—you—came."
"It becomes you even better than the black velvet one," he remarked, approvingly. "You ain't a bit too much dressed. When you've got ain't a bit too much dressed. When you've got on your fanciest fixings is the time, I should say, to show yourself. But you shall have your way, Mercedes. I'll go down an' give the orders now."

Presently a couple of waiters came in to lay the table. The young lady placed in the center of it a fresh bouquet of the lovely roses which bloom in the outdoor air in March, in that cli-mate. She had abstracted all the pink-andamber tea-roses for her hair and dress; and she

"Why do you lay the table for three, John?"
"Don't know, miss. Them was Mr. Brant's

Then all the pleasure of the little feast wa gone for Mercedes. She guessed, and rightly, that her father had invited a guest.

Five minutes before the turtle-soup came up,

he brought Mr. Alexander into the room.

"To dine with us, my daughter. We will have a nice time all to ourselves," and Brant rubbed his palms together, pretending not to see the shadow that came over her face.

All the girl's high-breeding could not prevent that shadow. She was quite willing the two men should be conscious of it.

"I wish I had not worn this dress," she thought, knowing that she was looking her loveliest. he brought Mr. Alexander into the room

lovellest.

The paler, the colder, the haughtier she grew, the more the visitor admired her. She knew it, and could not help herself. The "nabob" had seen enough of smiling, willing women. The most potent charm of this one, after her beauty, was her utter indifference. She seated herself at table as if he were a creature who wearied her. He drank her health in exquisite dry champagne—she curled her rose-leaf lips disdainfully. He asked her what she thought of

champagne—she curled her rose-leaf lips disdainfully. He asked her what she thought of the city—of the country—the climate—the bay—the mountains—the flowers—if she were afraid of earthquakes? She did not like anything in California—she was afraid of earthquakes—she wished she were home in her own beautiful metropolis! Still he persevered in making himself polite to her, keeping up a one-sided conversation while the plates were changed and the corks were popped.

corks were popped.

There was something in this man's presence which oppressed her; she drew a long breath of relief when, at the end of two hours, they arose from a dinner which Brant had made a banquet. from a dinner which Brant had made a banquet, with the pompous liberality of his class. But there was no escape for her yet. There was a piano in the room, and when the waiters had cleared away the feast, her father asked her to play. She preferred that to talking, and immediately obeyed, choosing some of Strauss's dreamy waltzes, and losing herself in thoughts of when and where she had last floated to their soft-beating measure.

soft-beating measure.
Suddenly she came to a stop, looking about her nervously. Her father had slipped out of the room. She was alone with Mr. Alexander

the room. She was alone with Mr. Alexander, who was leaning at one end of the piano, gazing at her with steady, hateful eyes. He came around to her side, trying to seize one of the small hands, which she haughtily withdrew.

"Miss Brant, do not be so cold, so forbidding! I have your father's approval of my suit. He has granted me permission to ask you to be my wife. I did not think to marry again, but I have been wild since the hour I first met you. You suit me to a T. I like your style. Why should we not increase each other's happiness by marriage? You know, I presume, that I have plenty of money—that I am one of the gold-bugs of this city. You shall have everything your heart craves. You will be the envy of all the women in this country. I shall be free-handed and indulgent with you. Come! my sweet girl, say that you and I shall soon be my sweet girl, say that you and I shall soon be

He bent over her shoulder; his warm breath

He bent over her shoulder; his warm breath was on her cheek; his persuasive whisper in her shrinking ear.

She slipped off from the piano-stool and confronted him, her slim figure drawn up, her eyes flashing, her cheeks flushing scarlet.

"How dare you speak to me so, sir? You know that I do not care for you."

"But you can learn to care for me," he continued, smilingly. "That will come after we are married. I can teach you to love me, my

tinued, smilingly. "That will come after we are married. I can teach you to love me, my beauty."
"You are mistaken about that. Your vanity

gan to perceive that it would not do to allow his child—fine lady that she was—to see into his little plans. She would be sure to revolt, and who can manage a woman when she chooses to be obstinate?

Perhaps he had already alarmed her by saying too much! He must cover his tracks or the shy creature would never walk up to the snare.

"It's a new thing for me to have a daughter, an' I don't like her out of my sight; and some o' them fellows think it's all a sell about you anyways. I want 'em to see for themselves. Am I unreasonable, girl?"

Mercedes could not reply except by a faint motion of the head. She took the paper he into his even are too young to make it likely that your feelings are already engaged—that you have a lover?"

"I have no lover Mr. Alexander. I am free."

lover?"
"I have no lover, Mr. Alexander. I am free as air. And I intend to remain so. My father has not the shadow of a right to force my inclinations—to assert any authority over me. I never saw him until a fortnight ago. I owe him

never saw him until a fortnight ago. I owe him nothing—but my misery."

"Ah! I know. I was somewhat acquainted with Ben Brant when he sailed under the cognomen of 'Unlucky Jo.' I wonder at his having such a daughter, I must confess. He says he left you with a rich aunt when he came out here; I suppose that is so. We are good friends, though, he and I; and I have it in my power to help him. Don't be cross and scornful with me, beautiful Mercedes! I am terribly in love with you—no sham! I shall be tempted to blow out my brains if I can't coax you to say 'yes.' Come! You shall not answer me to-night. Think it over. I won't press you too hardly Think it over. I won't press you too hardly until you have had time to make up your mind. I shall live in the hope that you will soon alter it."

"Never! never!"
"I shall 'not take "no" for an answer.'
'Faint heart never won fair lady.' All I ask is fair play. I am quite certain you will conclude to marry me some day. I will not worry you any more about it to-night. But I shall bring up the subject soon again. I like you all the better for not falling into my arms at the first invitation. Nevertheless, I have made up my mind to marry you, and it's this will of mine that has made me what I am. Well, goodnight, and sweet dreams, my lady! I have had a delightful evening, and hope soon to come again. Adios."

again. Adios."

Mercedes stood quite quiet after he had softly closed the door between him and herself. A strange, creeping fear stole over her proud spirit. There was a calm determination about the man which impressed her, in spite of her own imperious strength of character.

He had made up his mind to marry her! She tried to laugh his assurance to scorn; but there was a chill stealing over her being, as still and pervading as the cold white fog that wrapped the city in its embrace. Adios.

the city in its embrace.

Pretty soon her father came in; his face was flushed and hard.

'Bill Alexander tells me you have given him the mitten."
"He should not have asked for it if he did not

want it."

"You're a plaguey queer girl, Mercedes!
You hold that pretty head of yours deuced high, when you turn up your nose at millions!

—likely to be doubled 'fore the end o' another year, if I know how to read the signs. What in blazes will satisfy you? Ain't he handsome, a good figure, a man in his prime, a favorite with the ladies—and a gold-bug? What more do you want, little fool?"

It was the first time he had spoken harshly to

It was the first time he had spoken harshly to her, and her heart beat as if it would burst her

her, and her heart beat as if it would burst her breast; but she kept down her tears.

"Did you bring me out here to sell me to some rich man, father? I thought perhaps you needed me—longed for your child—and I hoped to be able, some time, to love you, strange as you are. You will make me detest you if you don't quit showing me off and offering me to the highest bidder. Look out! I will run way."
He stared into the young, pale face. Her

eyes defied him.

"Softly, softly, daughter," he said, prudently.

"You are all off the track. The man fell headover-ears in love with you the first time he saw
you. Am I to blame for that? My heart is sot
on your marrying him; but I'm not going to
drive you. You'll have your own way, I reckon. I might 'a' told that by the cut o' your jib.
We'll drop the matter square off here.

"And now news has come from there that'll
take me to Nevada fur pretty much all summer. It's a rough place I'm going to, right out
amongst some new mines. I'll have to live in a
shanty and take pot-luck as well as my men.
Will you go there along with me? Or, shall I
find you a nice boarding-house in Fr'isco and
leave you, safe an' quiet, till I get back here?"

"Where will Mr. Alexander be?"

"The Fr'isco."

Then I choose to go with you, Mr. Brant, if

ou will take me."
"Very well. I sha'n't object to your com-"Very well. I sha'n't object to your company. You'll find it rough work, camping out in the hills. But you've got grit; an' they do say it's healthy there. There's an Injun woman I always take out to do my cooking. You can have a lady's-maid, too, if you want one—ha, ha, ha! And as much finery as two or three mules can carry; I won't stint you, girl! I'd like, right well, to have you with me; I've kinder got used to you already. But it's my advice to you to stay here in Fr'isco, safe and comfortable."

"I would a thousand times prefer to go with

"Then go with me you shall!" answered Ben Brant, hiding a smile, which, if Mercedes had seen it, would have made her still more uneasy. (To be continued—commenced in No. 431.)

The Pirate Prince;

Pretty Nelly, the Queen of the Isle.

BY COL PRENTISS INGRAHAM AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF CAPTAINS," "THE RIVAL LIEUTENANTS," "THE GIRL GUIDE,"
"THE BOY TERROR," "THE SKELETON CORSAIR," "THE BOY CHIEF," "DI MOND DIRK," "THE FLYING YAN-KEE," "WITHOUT A HEART,"

ETC., ETC., ETC CHAPTER X

THE WARNING. AT the words of Paul Melville, Mabel again pent her earnest gaze upon the schooner, so quietly laying at anchor far below them, and

"You are convinced of what you say, Lieutenant Melville, that that schooner is the Curse of

"There can be no mistake?" persisted Mabel.
"None; I knew the vessel well; when I was a captive I saw her many times."
"Yet I saw the Curse of the Sea sunk by the

broadsides of the Cornet and Sea Hawk."
"You doubtless supposed so; but yonder lies the vessel in full view, and we must at once put

the Sea Hawk upon her."

Mabel started, and her face flushed and paled as she said: 'If you take the schooner you will hang Ra-

Assuredly; such is the fate of the pirate." "Would no mercy be shown him?" asked the maiden, still more anxiously. "Why should he expect it? Is he not known

"Why should he expect it? Is he not known the world over as a corsair, and has his name not been connected with the vilest deeds?"

"True; yet there is an old saying that his Satanic majesty is not as black as he is painted, and I think that it is the same with Rafael—in fact I have proof that he has a noble heart, and I am glad that he did not die as was supposed."

"You prefer then that he should live to be hung?" remarked Paul Melvilla in a tone of

hung?" remarked Paul Melville, in a tone of You are mistaken about that. Your vanity surprise.

"For shame, sir—did I not tell you that he endered me a service I shall never forget? but," and Mabel hesitated, while her face crimsoned, Lieutenant Melville, will your sense of duty "Very well, lieutenant; let the men go to rendered me a service I shall never forget? but,"
and Mabel hesitated, while her face crimsoned,
'Lieutenant Melville, will your sense of duty
compel you to make known the existence of the
chooner to the leeward of this island?"

"Certainly; why should I not?" asked the
count officer with surprise

ceramy, why should I hot? asked the young officer, with surprise.

"Suppose I ask you to do me a favor, would you grant it?"

"In what can I serve you, Miss Markham?"

"I will be frank with you, sir. Rafael's kindness to me I shall never forget; and now, were that I had foolishly insisted upon coming to hore the See Hawk would have soiled with It not that I had foolishly missised upon coming up here, the Sea Hawk would have sailed without discovering that the pirates had not really evacuated the island, but removed to a spot accessible to only themselves, who know the secret paths leading there, and by which yonder woman must have gone; now, as I discovered the buccaneers, it will be through me that they will be taken—"

will be taken—"
"They are not yet taken, Miss Markham, and, as you have had cause to know, Rafael is not easily subdued, and may yet escape us."
"True, and yet he may be captured, and if he is, I will feel that his blood is upon my hands, and I beg you, Lieutenant Melville, to grant my favor."

Name it, Miss Markham. "Name it, Miss Markham."

"If I had not thoughtlessly called you here, you would still be in ignorance of the presence of the buccaneers; so I beg you to return with me, rejoin my father and Mr. Ramsey, and make no mention of the discovery."

Paul Melville gazed full into the face of the maiden, who met his eye fearlessly, and then said, in a tone in which there was considerable emotion:

Would you have me be recreant to my duty

Miss Markham?"

Mabel promptly replied by asking another

question:

"Would you have me censure myself to my dying day for bringing yonder men to a death at the yard-arm?"

"They are buccaneers, Miss Markham."

"They are human beings, sir."

Paul Melville made no reply; there was evidently some strong emotion nowing him and he

Paul Melville made no reply; there was evidently some strong emotion moving him, and he remained silent, and Mabel continued:
"Would you have me feel that I did wrong in placing confidence in you?"
"No; and yet duty compels me to report to my commander that Rafael, the Rover, is within a mile of him at this present moment," firmly replied the officer, and seeing that the maiden seemed really much moved by his words, he continued:

continued:

"And you certainly should not feel that you were instrumental in bringing these men to their death if we capture them."

"I do feel it; but if he were not there, I would not feel that I was doing wrong; but I see that you are determined to refuse my request."

"I know not how I can do otherwise."

The lieutenant seemed strangely moved, and the maiden wore an anxious expression upon her face, as the two stood momentarily in si-

lence.

Then a light, as if of some sudden bright thought crossed Mabel's face, and she said, quickly:

"Will you let me see the pistol you wear in your belt, lieutenant?"

Without a word he removed the weapon and handed it to her.

"It is a handsome arm: I have noticed it.

"It is a handsome arm; I have noticed it everal times. I wonder if I could bring down ronder sea-bird, sailing so gracefully there? I

will try."

Before Paul Melville could reply, the pistol was cocked, leveled and fired.

The sea-bird, with a startled shriek, flew swiftly away out of harm's way, while the crack of the pistol echoed and re-echoed against the rocks, and in the crevices, like the rattle of thousand muskets.

a thousand muskets.

"Miss Markham, what have you done? See; the buccaneers are alarmed!" cried Paul Melville, as he saw that the report had reached the group of pirates on the beach, who instantly saw from whence had come the shot.

"I know it; I fired to place them on their guard," coolly returned Mabel, and as her father and Fred Ramsey came quickly toward them she called out:

them, she called out: See, papa; I can cry Eureka! Yonder are

the buccaneers."

Captain Markham ran to the spot, beheld the schooner, and the crowd on shore, and cried:
"By Jove! you are right, Mabel. You have indeed found them; but why did you fire that

"I fired at a sea-bird, papa, but I missed the bird. Will you go down and attack the buccaneers?" innocently asked the maiden.
"It is impossible from here, is it not, Mel-

"Yes, sir. We can only put to sea at once, round the island and endeavor to head off the schooner, and send boats in to attack those on

'If they do not embark on the schooner," said the captain.
"Which they are doing now," Fred Ramsey

"Which they are doing now," Fred Ramsey announced.
"You are right; the schooner is sending a boat ashore for them, and there goes one already, crowded, just shoving off from the beach. Run, Ramsey, and get the men on board the Sea Hawk! We will follow as quickly as we can. Have the signal-gun fired, if the crew are not near the landing, for we must put to sea at once. Come, Mabel, let us return."

The midshipman bounded away, and the others followed, the maiden having a look upon her face which Paul Melville could not fail to read; it was a look of quiet triumph. If Rafael the

it was a look of quiet triumph. If Rafael the Rover was taken, she had at least done what she could to warn him of danger.

CHAPTER XI

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.
An hour after the discovery of the buccaneers, hiding away beneath the southern diffs of the island, the Sea Hawk was again going through the narrow channel, out into the open sea—Paul Melville, as before, at the helm, and Captain Markham and Mabel standing near him, and watching the skill and nerve with which he ran the dangerous gantlet between the

As the wind is from the westward, Captain "As the wind is from the westward, Captain Markham, we will go to the westward of the island, and this will bring us to the windward of the buccaneer," said Paul Melville, as the Sea Hawk gained an offing.

"You are right, Melville. You allow no advantage to escape you," replied Captain Markham.

ham.
"Of course we will have to take the chances of his keeping around the island on the other

side."

"Yes; but now that we have him within three leagues of us, we must not allow him to escape. You say that you recognized the schooner as that of the Curse of the Sea?"

"Yes, sir; I know his vessel well."

"Then after all he escaped us that night. How he did, his patron, the devil, only knows, for he received, at less than half a mile, an iron hail of over forty guns; but I remember, now that he received, at less than half a fille, an fron hail of over forty guns; but I remember, now, that the storm came up while we were looking to see if we could find trace of him, and in the mist and darkness he scudded away, leaving us to rejoice over the thought that he had gone to the bottom."

the bottom."

Paul Melville made no reply, but having directed the helmsman how to steer, he walked forward on some duty, leaving Mabel and her father watching the shores of the island that opened before them bold and rugged, the one with dread of coming evil, the other with the hope that the Curse of the Sea would soon be in reach of his guy.

in reach of his guns.

"Mabel, do you know I think I must have somewhere met Melville before? There is something strangely familiar in his face to me."

"And to me, papa; but it may be only a fancied resemblance, yet I feel as though I had largery him years ago."

Paul Melville at once gave the order for the men to go quietly to quarters, not caring to alarm the schooner, if still beyond the point, by

the roll of the drum.

Then every one anxiously awaited the moment when the Sea Hawk should round the point, and considerable anxiety was expressed on the faces of the men, who feared that the shrewd buccaneer might escape them. A few moments more and the sloop-of-war swept around the rugged cliff, and a murmur of

disappointment arose upon all sides; the bucca-

How close can you run in, Lieutenant Mel-Close in shore at this point, sir. Do you

wish to land?"
"Yes, I will send two boats ashore to recon noiter, and see if some of the rascals are not skulking around the rocks. It will only delay us half an hour."

"Not longer, sir. Mr. Edmunds, call away the first and second cutters, and man them with a score of men each," and Paul Melville turned a score of men each," and rauf Melville turned to Bancroft Edmunds, the lieutenant next in command to himself, and a dashing, handsome, noble-hearted fellow, of courtly manners, and a thorough sailor withal.

"Shall I go with the boats, sir?"

"Yes, if you desire it."

Coming up into the wind the Sea Hawk's boats were lowered, and at once rowed shoreward.

ward.
"Edmunds, ahoy!" suddenly called out Cap-tain Markham, ere the boats had gone a cable's Ay, ay, sir!" came back in the clear tones

of the young officer.

"We will put about, and stand back the way we came and return for you ere dark. Should you hear firing, come off in your boats and ion us."

Ay, ay, sir!" and the boats continued on

"Melville, the idea has just struck me that the schooner is playing hide and seek with us, and if we go back the way we came we will meet him; then if he runs around the island and Edmunds sees him he will board and carry him with the outless for wider the least of the land. with the cutlass, for under the lee of the land here, the boats can overhaul the buccaneer, and he will not suspect the presence of an enemy

from the land."

"A good idea, Captain Markham. I will at once put the vessel on her course back the way we came," and under a seven-knot breeze the Sea Hawk sailed away, encircling the island, and making good headway, for she was a fast sailer, and thorough sea-boat.

A run of two hours brought them again opposite the entrance of the little harbor, and yet the schooner was nowhere visible. from the land.

A run of two hours brought them again opposite the entrance of the little harbor, and yet the schooner was nowhere visible.

"Could the daring fellow have run into the harbor, not expecting us to re-enter it?" asked Captain Markham.

"I think not, sir; he must still be under the lee of the island," replied Paul Melville.

"Then we will continue on as we are, and make the circuit of the island. We can get back to where we left Edmunds within three hours, and if the buccaneers discover us they will run right upon the boats and we will have them between two fires, for Edmunds is a dashing fellow, and would give an arm to take the schooner without the aid of the sloop."

Past the entrance to the land-locked basin sailed the sloop-of-war, the men still at the guns, and all anxiously watching for the object of their search, as the rocky shores opened to their view; but after more than two hours' sailing the Sea Hawk came off the spot where the boats had gone ashore, and still no sight of the buccaneer craft.

"That is strange. The fellow could not have passed, or Edmunds certainly would have attacked him. Where can he have gone, Mr. Melville?" said Captain Markham, in surprise.

"It is hard to tell, sir; but the men are signaling us from the shore."

"You are right; what is that they say?"

naling us from the shore."

"You are right; what is that they say?"
Paul Melville turned his glass upon the crowd on the beach, and his face slightly changed color, as he replied:

"It is Midshipman Ramsey who signals, and one says that they have lost Lieutenent Ed.

he says that they have lost Lieutenant Ed-

munds."
"Lost him! In God's name what can he mean?" cried Captain Markham, in angry surorise.
"I will signal him to repeat, sir, and you can read for yourself what he says," and seizing the signal halyards, Paul Melville hastily set the

"Repeat what you said!"
"We have lost Lieutenant Edmunds!" again ame the signal from the shore.
"This is a bad business, Melville. We will

stand close in and you can go ashore and se what it means."

The Sea Hawk was immediately headed in

shore, and in half an hour more Paul Melville stood on the beach, where he was met by Fred Ramsey, looking pale and troubled.
"Well, sir, what is the meaning of your strange signal?"
"It means that we came ashore and searched the rocks and finding no means of access to the "It means that we came ashore and searched the rocks, and finding no means of access to the cliffs above, or a place where the buccaneers could conceal themselves, we returned to the beach, all excepting Lieutenant Edmunds, whom we left standing on yonder rock.

"While patiently awaiting the return of the Sea Hawk, we suddenly saw the buccaneer cound worder point, under easy sail and as he

round yonder point, under easy sail, and, as he was not half a mile away, I called to Lieutenant Edmunds, thinking he would go out and board

"No reply came, and while I got the men in the boats, I sent two seamen to look him up; but they returned and reported that they could not find him, and I ran myself, accompanied by half a dozen men to look him up, but with the

same result. "In the mean time the schooner had come abreast of us, and we could see her men at the guns; and, expecting that they would fire upon us, I ordered the men to seek cover behind the rocks, while I again searched for the lieuten-

"An exclamation from the men caused me to again glance toward the schooner, and to my surprise I saw the black flag run up to the peak, and then it was dipped three times as though in salute to us, yet perhaps it was a signal to some

"The schooner then passed out of sight around yonder rocky point, and shortly after the Sea Hawk came in sight, and I signaled the loss of Lieutenant Edmunds.

Paul Melville listened without interruption to the midshipman's story, and then said, with a troubled after.

troubled air:

"Strange what could have become of him; but, we must act at once, and I wish you to return in the gig and make your report to Captain Markham, while I take the men and again thoroughly search those rocks. He could not have fallen into the sea, think you?"

"There are several places where he might have slipped and fallen, sir, and as the sea is deep beneath, such might have been the case."

"Very well; tell Captain Markham I will search as long as I see there is any hope of finding a trace of poor Edmunds, and then return on board."

"Ay, ay, sir," and the midshire.

on board."
"Ay, ay, sir," and the midshipman departed for the vessel, while Paul Melville, and every man with him, began the search again for the officer who had so mysteriously disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.

CHASING A CORSAIR.

Most diligently did Paul Melville and his
men search every crack and hole on the shore
and in the rocks, even looking into places where
a bird could not have found shelter; but all to thown him, years ago."

"Captain Markham, I will call the men to quarters, for when we round yonder point, we will obtain a view of the lee of the island, and if

Their lack of success was known ere they reached the vessel, for every eye had anxiously watched the search, and a gloom rested upon all, for the young officer was most popular with all on board.

"It is useless to ask the result?" said Captain Markham, meeting the lieutenant at the gangway.

way.
"Yes, sir; he could nowhere be found. From Yes, sir, he could nowhere be found. From the shore it seems impossible to reach the cliffs, or interior of the island, and how he can have disappeared we can find no trace, unless—"
"Unless what?" asked Captain Markham, as

the officer paused.
"Unless he slipped and fell into the sea, and, stunned by the fall, was unable to save himself by swimming."

"That must have been his fate. Poor Edmunds! Well, we must avenge him when we catch the schooner. What would you advise, Melville?"

"To continue on after the schooner. We know that she is simply keeping the island be-

"Yes, and cannot do that long—see there!" and Captain Markham pointed to the westward, where a bank of heavy clouds was rapidly

rising.
"That storm will drive him away from the "That storm will drive him away from the land, sir."
"Yes, and us, too. The schooner will doubtless keep to leeward of the island until the storm strikes, and we must do the same. Once in sight of him we can keep near him until the gale blows over and then he is our game. I wish poor Edmunds was here; I do not like leaving the island until I am assured of his fate," sadly said Captain Markham

said Captain Markham.

"Do you not think he could have been kidnapped?" suddenly asked Mabel.

"Kidnapped! Nonsense, child; who was there
to kidnap him!"

"Buceneess page."

to kidnap him?

"Buccaneers, papa."

"Foolish child; did not Lieutenant Melville
tell us that he could find no trace of a path communicating with the interior of the island, and
that to scale the cliffs was impossible?"

that to scale the cliffs was impossible?"
"True, and yet, when first discovered upon the beach, from yonder cliff, both Lieutenant Melville and myself distinctly saw among the buccaneers the very woman who met us this morning." morning."

"You are right; there must be some secret way leading into the island, or how did she get down upon the shore?" exclaimed Captain Markham.

"By Jove! it takes a woman to ferret

'Miss Markham is certainly correct, sir, and "Mss Markham is certainly correct, sir, and it remains for you to decide whether we shall return to an anchorage in the basin, and to-morrow make a thorough search in full force, or give up the lieutenant as lost, and go on in pursuit of the buccaneer," said Paul Melville.

"Well, what do you say, Melville?"

"I would prefer that you decide, sir, or—"

"Or what?"

"Ask Miss Markham's edvice and call

'Ask Miss Markham's advice, and call a "Ask Miss Markham's advice, and call a council of your officers."
"I will do it; but what say you, Mabel?"
"I think that, as at any time Mr. Edmunds could not have been more than a hundred yards from his men, and was known to have been a brave man, he could not have been taken without a struggle, and hence I fear he met his death, as Lieutenant Melville suggested, by falling from the rocks into the sea."

by falling from the rocks into the sea."

"You are right, doubtless; now I will see what my officers have to say," and after conversation with them, Captain Markham decided to go on in pursuit of the buccaneer, for all decided that Bancroft Edmunds was not the man to allow himself to be taken quietly and hed to allow himself to be taken quietly, and had there been a struggle it would certainly have been heard by some of the men, for, when last seen, the young officer was not a hundred yards from the boats.

from the boats.

The Sea Hawk was then put away for the lee of the island, returning the way she had come. Reaching a position, where she could safely ride out the storm, if the wind did not shift round, the vessel was stripped of canvas, housed her topmasts, and lay too in the dark waters, just as the howling winds swept over her, bearing with them sand, leaves and twigs from the island, across which it rushed with tremendous fury.

For several hours the gale continued with great violence, and the crew of the Sea Hawk had all they could do to look after the safety of their vessel, without watching for the bucca-neer schooner, for the waves washed heavily over the decks, and every officer and man stood at his post, while Mabel remained in the cabin, quite nervous as she felt the pitching and roll-ing of the ship.

"Sail, ho!"

Had a spirit from the clouds hailed, it could t have startled the crew more than did the deep voice of Paul Melville, rising above the coar of the storm, while he sprung forward, eized a battle lantern and waved it rapidly in included the coar of the storm. ircles above his head.

Every eye was strained to the utmost, peering out over the wild waters, in the direction in which looked Paul Melville, and indistinctly in the gloom was traceable the tall masts, and close-reefed sails of a schooner bearing directly down upon the sloop-of-war, and not very far distant. Yet, as they looked, the helmsman on the

schooner seemed to discover the circling light of the lantern, for suddenly the bows swept round, and directly before the gale the craft dashed away like a frightened deer.

"The buccaneer! The buccaneer!" arose upon all sides, and quickly Captain Markham called out: "He like to have run us down, Melville, and rour presence of mind in waving the lantern aved us; but we must not let him escape. Get

inder way and we will give chase, in spite of the gale."

Paul Melville made no reply, but sternly gave the requisite orders, and off dashed the Sea Hawk in pursuit of her prey.

But the schooner had already disappeared in the gloom, and the sea was so rough that Captain Markham determined to again lay to, when almost in their wake was discovered the buccapeer craft standing back toward the abelies of

eer craft, standing back toward the shelter of Instantly the Sea Hawk was put about, and ow, with the schooner in view, for a hundred yes were upon it, the vessel-of-war rushed ra-idly landward in chase.

Nearer and nearer the two vessels drew, until the rocky cliffs arose threateningly in their front; but still the buccaneer schooner stood fearlessly on, and the Sea Hawk as boldly pur-

"This is deuced dangerous work, Melville," said Captain Markham to his young lieutenant, who stood by his side, his eyes constantly peering into the darkness ahead. ng into the darkness ahead.
"It is indeed, sir," quietly responded the officer. ""Would you advise the continuance of the

'Just as you desire, sir; the schooner still Yes; but I do not like this running upon the

land. "Shall I give the order to stand seaward

again, sir?"
"No, at least not yet. By Heaven! Melville, the gale is sweeping around," cried Captain Markham, anxiously.

"It is indeed sir: in fifteen minutes we shall Markham, anxiously.

"It is, indeed, sir; in fifteen minutes we shall lie upon a lee shore," calmly responded Paul Melville, and ere Captain Markham could reply, the wind suddenly came to a lull, a momentary calm followed, then fitful gusts, and then, with the rush of a tornado, it came from dead astern burying the howe of the vessel dead astern, burying the bows of the vessel

deep in the waves.

"Stand ready all to wear ship!" rung out the voice of Paul Melville, as the vessel rolled and pitched in the mad waters, and a voice from forward cried, in startling tones:

"The schooner has gone down!"
At once all was confusion on board the Sea
Hawk, and in the midst of the excitement a

dozen voices rose with the wild cry:
"Breakers ahead! breakers ahead!"
"Silence! To your posts all! Stand ready all!"

the roar of wind and water, and the startled cries of the crew, and springing to the helm, he

"Do your duty, men, and there is no danger!" Immediately the coolness of their young of-ficer, his calm tones and dauntless manner reas-

sured the crew, and springing to their posts they awaited the next command.

It would have come sooner, but the eyes of Paul Melville fell upon Mabel Markham, who had rushed from the cabin, and stood clinging to her father, who was in vain striving to force her below here.

her below.

This sight momentarily checked his order to the crew; but, seeing that Mabel was in no immediate danger, the deep voice shouted forth the commands, and the willing officers and men promptly obeyed; but, to the horror of all, the ship could not be brought round, and the gale was driving her with the speed of a race-horse upon the island.

Again consternation seemed to seize upon the

Again consternation seemed to seize upon the crew, and again the voice of Paul Melville commanded order and silence, while he shouted to Captain Markham:

Captain Markham:

"There is but one chance, sir—to run into the basin in the island."

"It will be impossible in such a night," shouted back Captain Markham.

"It can be done, sir," and Paul Melville again bent his gaze intently ahead.

But the gloom was impenetrable, and he set his teeth hard. If he could not get his bearings he knew that they must go to their doom.

Suddenly a bright flash burst forth, dead ahead, and all, by the momentary light, beheld the buccaneer schooner laying to, and not half a mile away.

a mile away. a mile away.

Then, again came a second flash, and a third, and the last displayed the close-reefed sails set on the schooner, and once more all was darkness, but only for a moment, for from the cliff top blazed up a bright flame, before which was

The old witch!" burst from a dozen throats as the old woman of the isle was recognized by the bright light, and the sailors believed they

were being lured on to death.
"Hold! Do you not see that that beacon has It was Paul Melville who spoke, and with per-

It was Paul Melville who spoke, and with perfect confidence he headed the vessel for the light on the cliff, which now blazed up in huge red flames, liberally fed by fagots thrown on by the weird woman, who, with her long hair streaming in the gale, and her white dress, looked like a very spirit of the storm.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 429.)

LENORE.

BY WILLIAM TENNYSON HEATON

We have met, and we have loved, Sweet Lenore! When the hush of evening came, And the fire-fly lit his flame By the cottage door!

Thou wast all too dear to me, Sweet Lenore; And the angels took thee home, Leaving me in life alone— Forevermore.

Though my lonely heart now wakes
The vesper song no more;
Heavenly music greets thee now—
Heavenly vespers kiss thy brow—
Sweet Lenore!

Holy visions round me come, When the stars shine o'er, And for me I see thee wait, At the far-off golden gate, Sweet Lenore!

We shall meet, and we shall love, When time shall be no more In that better world above, Where the angels live and love— Oh! sweet Lenore!

Lady Helen's Vow; THE MOTHER'S SECRET

A Romance of Love and Honor.

BY THE LATE MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. A MONSTROUS WRONG.

LORD ESTONBURY stood still for a moment at

"Your maid said you were asleep," he remarked, with a sneer. "You do not look like

ne just awakened from slumber.'
Helen was silent You have been out," he added. "Have you

Still no answer

"It is strange that your maid should have been instructed to report a falsehood to me."
"She was not instructed to report anything," replied Helen. Then she ventured on it of her own accord

Helen was about to answer that she did not

care to persuade him to anything, but she checked the retort, and merely observed, quietly:
"Ada had no idea of being disrespectful, my lord. I merely charged her not to admit any

one."
"While you were absent. And where have you been, if I may ask?"
After some hesitation, the young lady re

"Pray excuse me from giving an account of myself. I did not know I was a prisoner on porole."

You are a rebel to the authority of your lawful master."
"Will you permit me, now, to go to my

"When you tell me where you have been!"
"I cannot imagine why your lordship should be curious on the subject."

"Because you have been absent the best part of an hour; and your maid tried to deceive me. Your hightened color, your excited manner, the dampness in your hair, the strange disorder in your looks, show that something unusual has occurred. It is your duty to be frank with me,

as well as to obey me, at all times."

Helen's eyes flashed; but she repressed the rejoinder that rose to her lips. Will you tell me where you have been, or

whom you have seen?"
"I do not think you would believe me, what ever I might say

"Perhaps not; but I might gather a clew to mt you, madam, through the mazes of deceit Your lordship makes accusations, expecting

to wring from me admissions of their That is not fair to a suspected criminal." "Tell me one thing; what is the promise you made to your mother, of which she continually reminds you, in her feverish talk?"

"Has your lordship heard her?"
"If I have not—it has been reported to me."
Helen started. Then Chisholm was a spy, placed to report all that passed!
"You will see that I know many things, maden, of which you down many things, maden, of which you down many things, maden, of which you down.

m, of which you deem me ignorant."
'Is it fair, or kind, my lord, to place a spy on ar wife, when watching by the death-bed of mother?"

shall protect myself at all hazards.'

But what do you apprehend?"
That I shall not say."
How can I do harm, supposing I had the

You may stir up my enemies, and give me trouble

'If you are conscious of no wrong, my lord, no one can injure you."

Again she attempted to leave the room.

As she did so, the marquis grasped her arm. "You may now consider yourself a prisoner

The ringing tones of Paul Melville arose above the roar of wind and water, and the startled pries of the crew, and springing to the helm, he continued:

"Do your duty, men, and there is no danger!" in earnest," he hissed in her ear. "Your lying maid will be discharged to-morrow. You are under observation. Every look, every word shall be watched and reported. And beware how you attempt to leave the house. If you wish to walk in the garden I will accompany

As he said these words with a fierce scowl, Helen bowed meekly, and passed him, going to the sufferer's room, at the other end of the cor-

She found Chisholm in the easy-chair as before; the patient lying in an apparent stupor. Helen asked when the medicines or nourishment had been administered, and then took her place close beside the bed, pressing her lips to her mother's fevered hand, that lay on the silken

coverlet.

Once she looked up at the woman in the easy-chair, who was aroused from her dozing, and sat upright, watching her.

"If you are tired, Mrs. Chisholm," she said, gently, "you may leave the room awhile. I shall stay here to-night."

"Your ledwish genuet watch all night."

Your ladyship cannot watch all night

I am strong to-night. I do not feel the want

of rest."

The woman rose wearily.
"I will ask his lordship's orders," she muttered, as she went slowly out of the room.

Ay, "his lordship's orders!" Those of her mistress, or the lady of the household, were nothing to her. But, Helen's mind was nerved to action, guided by the highest moral principle; and she did not care for humiliations.

The word "Helen!" very faintly uttered, like an expiring sigh, arrested her attention.

She stooped her ear close to the sufferer's lips.

"Helen—I am—going. You will do it?—the right—the right."

Helen dropped on her knees, and lifted her clasped hands solemnly upward.

"I will do it, mother!"

Again the lips unclosed; but no sound was audible. But the daughter, watching them, fancied they shaped the word "Swear."

"I have sworn it, mother, for the sake of the right! I swear it again for your sake!"

right! I swear it again for your sake!"
Then there was a tender smile, and a gleam of joy flitted over the dying face. The daughter had lifted the burden of sin from the soul about o take its final flight.

The door opened softly, and Chisholm came

back.

"His lordship bids me stay with my lady," she said, as she resumed her seat.

No answer. Not a word was spoken for more than an hour. Then Helen offered to the patient some of the freshly-prepared nour-ishment Chisholm brought to the bedside.

She could not take it. The lips and eyes were firmly closed: though her hand clung, with a faint pressure, to her daughter's.

Lord Estonbury came in and went up to the bed. A glance was sufficient.

After he had gone, a servant rode away from the door, to summon the physician.

He came in about an hour, looked at the dying woman, felt her pulse and forehead, then followed the marquis out of the room.

lowed the marquis out of the room.

"The pulse has ceased at the wrist," he said.
"She will not see another sunrise."
"She will never speak again?" demanded his

"She will never speak again?" demanded his lordship.

"Never, certainly."
The doctor remained for the rest of the night. His lordship did not go back into the sick room. He was sensible of a deep feeling of relief.
As the sun's first beams struggled through the curtained window, Helen was gently led from the sick room by her faithful maid.
Ada took her to her own chamber, arranged the cushions of the couch for her, and brought her a cup of tea and biscuits on a silver tray.
Her young mistress could touch nothing.
But at the sound of a step in the hall, she suddenly started up, hurried to her escritoire and took a card from the drawer.
This she thrust into Ada's hand.

"Ada," she whispered, "if anything should

This she thrust into Ada's hand.

"Ada," she whispered, "if anything should happen to me, take this card to the lady whose name it bears. See: 'Miss Maur, Hotel —, Berkley Square.'"

"I will, my lady," replied the maid, putting the card in her pocket. "Oh, my lady, I have wanted to say something. My lord says I must leave van."

ave you."
Helen lifted her white face, full of anguish

and despair.

"And at this time!" she murmured.

"Hush, my lady!" And at the instant the door opened to admit the marquis.

"What do you here?" he said, savagely, eying the trembling girl.

"I forbade you to wait on Lady Estonbury." on Lady Estonbury."
"Pray, let her stay!" entreated Helen.

"Begone!" he commanded, fiercely. "You would hatch a plot between you, under my very

A bitter curse on the treachery of women followed.
"My lord," pleaded Helen, "Ada is my maid, and used to my ways! I implore you not to send her from me now!"

"Begone!" he reiterated. "Leave the house this instant! Chisholm shall send your things.

The menacing tone left no alternative The maid came and knelt down before the nistress she loved, took her hand and kissed it. n one look Helen saw that she would do all her

in one look there is not not not look. Then Ada retired from the room.

"Now, madam," growled the tyrant, "you shall have an attendant proper for you, and faithful to my interests. Chisholm shall take that girl's place."

"I do not want Chisholm," wailed Helen.

"But I choose to place you in her charge."

"Let me stay alone."
"To steal out again, and meet some one in a onspiracy against your lawful lord." How can you speak so to me, at such a

Oh, you would not let times, nor rules of etiquette, stand in your way! But I have clipped your wings, my lady; they will flutter against bars, hereafter!"

"Lord Estonbury!"
"Yes, madam, I don't care how soon you know it. I hate you: I have always hated you!

"Why did you marry me?"
"Because I was forced into it! Your lady other, who lies dead, now, had my title and fortune in her power, and threatened to deprive me of them if I did not wed her daughter. As long as she lived, she could use this power; now, am free-free for hate and revenge

"I have never wronged you, my lord. I did not want you to marry me." of want you to marry me."

"But you are the cause of much trouble to me; and for that I shall punish you! You shall no longer enjoy the state and wealth I bought to dearly, and of which you would deprive me, f you could! I will be freed from your hateful

"You will not live with me, you mean?"
"You will not live with me, you mean?"
"I will make my bed in the snake's den, becore I will share a home with you! But I will
not leave you free, to hatch conspiracies. You

hall have a safe place

"You cannot imprison me, my lord!"
"I cannot? We will see." 'You could not keep me a prisoner in your

"I do not mean to."

"Whither would you send me?"

"I do not mind telling you. Do you remember once, driving over — Heath, the high walls of a secure retreat, with spikes on the top, do not mean to.

and the grim old stone building above them?
You asked what it was!"
"The — Heath Insane Hospital!" exclaimed You asked.

"The — Heath Insane Prosp....

"Helen, with a cry of horror.

"Exactly; that is to be your home for life."

"But I am not insane! I have never been mad!" shricked the terrified young creature,

"A wife is insane who makes promises to a demented mother, to work harm to her husband! who steals out at night to meet some fellow-conspirator! Oh, my lady! your doom is sealed!"

"You may be driven so, shortly, by the sights and sounds you will have around you!" sneered the brute, a fierce, malignant gleam of triumph showing his teeth through his dark

"My lord! if you are not just, at least be human! I will go into obscurity; I will obey you by keeping out of your sight, and living in poverty; but do not condemn me to a fate so hor-

She sunk on her knees; her deathly face upturned in frenzied supplication. But her tyrant had no mercy; he laughed, a laugh of fiendish

"Not a word you can say will move me from my purpose!" he hissed in her ear. "I have al-ready spread the report that your mind has given way from your vigils at your mind has given way from your vigils at your mother's sick-bed. Chisholm will take charge of you—and her husband will help her—till after the funeral. I suppose we must carry the deceased to Estonbury Court; you shall go, guarded, in a separate carriage, and with a medical attendant! Every scream, every appeal for help dant! Every scream, every appeal for help—remember—will tell against you! Immediately after the funeral, you will be removed to the

And it is your deliberate purpose to do this "And it is your deliberate purpose to do this wickedness?" gasped the helpless prisoner.
"It is! You cannot escape your fate."
His hand was on the knob of the door.
"Then Heaven in mercy save me!" faltered Helen, as she sunk to the floor in a swoon.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RIGHT SHALL BE!

THE RIGHT SHALL BE!

The news of the death of the Dowager Marchioness of Estonbury spread over London.

There was a meeting of Reginald Holmes, Lord Swinton, Wallrade, and his solicitors, to examine the evidence contained in the papers placed in his hands by young Lady Estonbury.

The packet was sealed with the late marquis's own seal, and had evidently never been opened since it was closed by his own hand. He had, it was manifest, wished to provide, under any circumstances of opposition, for the establishment in his rightful inheritance of his brother's son.

When the late marquis went on the Continent with his wife, he had news of his elder brother's escape from shipwreck, and his residence in Kaiserswerth.

Kaiserswerth.

The news had come privately to him, in a letter signed by Egbert, who was in failing health. He wished to see his brother before his death. Egbert had heard of his younger brother's accession to the title, and did not intend to disturb him in the enjoyment of the inheritance. His friends in England might continue to suppose himological sees.

friends in England might continue to suppose him lost at sea.

The boy the noble pair carried with them from England sickened and died suddenly at Antwerp. Lord Estonbury had never doubted that this infant was his own son, and his wife did not undeceive him. His grief at the loss was the greater because he looked forward to the accession of the detested heir-at-law, Maurice Howard, whom he knew to be a villain unworthy of a place in the peerage of England. His first visit to his brother was before the birth of little Reginald. Four months later, Egbert wrote for him. He was then near death, and anxious for the future of his infant boy. He placed him solemnly in the care of his brother.

ther.

"Bring him up as your own," he said. "May God deal by you as you deal by him."

Lord Estonbury received the trust, promising fidelity. After his elder brother's death he went to Italy with his wife.

It was at the solicitation of Lady Estonbury that the boy passed as their own son. She that the boy passed as their own son. She urged that they might continue in the enjoy-ment of the magnificent income and the ancient title. Both would fall to Reginald in due course

of time.

His lordship consented to the fraud.

But he lavished a tenderness on the boy which few but fathers could feel. He took possession of the marriage-certificate and such papers as might be necessary to prove the legitimacy of Reginald's birth, and drew up a full statement of his father's escape from shipwreck, his marriage with a poor country girl, and residence on the Rhine; her death followed by his, etc. A certificate of the birth and baptism of the child accompanied Egbert's solemn recognition of Almeria Stenhaus as his lawful wife and the mother of his heir, with the declaration of two nother of his heir, with the declaration of two witnesses of the marriage, and other necessary

papers.

His lordship added his own declaration that he held the title and estates in trust for his infant nephew, and it was his purpose to surrender them to him when he came of age, etc.

These papers had been intended to secure the nheritance to Reginald, in case of his rights being disputed. Lady Estonbury had been compelled to promise that they should be carefully preserved. But she had persuaded her hus-and from time to time after Reginald came of ge, to put off the important declaration and

His lordship's sudden death by apoplexy reased her from his control. She had long wished to make her daughter the marchioness; and we have seen how she tried

But she had religiously preserved the papers, clacing them in a secret compartment of her cabinet. Only the fear of death and the awful idement that must follow had led her to con fide the secret to her daughter, enjoining it upon her to do justice when she should have passed

The papers completed the links of evidence wing no doubt, or room for question, that eginald Vane Thorpe was the rightful Marquis

f Estonbury.

It was decided to commence proceedings immediately after the funeral of the late dowager.

The papers were ready to be served on the man who now held the title wrongfully through

his London solicitors.

The entire household, it was ascertained, had set out that morning for Estonbury Court, bearing in a hearse the body of the deceased

On the evening of that day, Ada, the discarded maid, came to the Hotel T——, in Berkeley Square, and asked for Miss Maur. She was at once received by Alicia, who was astonished when she heard that his lordship had

discharged her, in his fury at her supposed con-nivance at Lady Estonbury's last visit to her at the hotel. Do you think he had discovered where your

lady went?" she asked.
"I cannot tell," was the answer. "I think he "I cannot ten," was the answer. "I think he only suspected. I was on the watch, and I let no one in. That old cat, Chisholm, came peering round; but I sent her about her business; and then my lord came, with that heavy scowl, and asked for my mistress, which I told his lordship she was sleeping. She came in directly after that." after that.

'He could not have discovered anything if none of the servants saw her."

"None of them did, I am sure of that, miss But oh, miss, I was nearly dead with the fit of trembling, the next day—yesterday morning— when my lord went in to my lady, and bade me begone, as I was never to wait on her again!
And I listened at the door, miss, and heard him
tell her she was a prisoner, and the two Chisholms should be her jailers, and she should never be set free; never at all."
"Did he threaten that?"
"A resident warm! He said he was reine."

"Ay, miss, and worse! He said he was going to shut her in the — Heath mad-house, after the funeral! Her mother's funeral—poor dear!"

"Did you hear him say that?"

"Indeed I did, miss; and when he went out of the room calling for Chisholm, I peeped in, and saw my poor, dear lady lying all in a heap on the floor, like a snow-drift!" Alicia ran to the bell and rung it in great excitement. She ordered her father and Reginald sent for; Wallrade too; and she began putting

"My lord! You will not do this cruel wrong! I have never been mad; you know on her traveling dress, while she gathered all family. It is in my possession. Shall I produce it?"

her.
It was so touching to think that the poor creature had sent her only friend to crave succor of her, in her terrible dread of the venreance of a villain.

geance of a villain.

When the gentlemen came, a few words sufficed. There was not one dissenting voice.

That same night the party, including Alicia and Ada, set off for Estonbury court.

But it was after noon of the following day before they arrived at the village near it.

The deceased dowager had lain in state during that and the preceding day, and the funeral was to take place on the next.

mg that and the preceding day, and the funeral was to take place on the next.

What news of the young marchioness?

The story had been whispered about that her ladyship's reason had given way under the strain of her mother's death. She had worn herself out with watching. His lordship was in great distress about her. She had not been able to leave her young any had she here. eave her room; nor had she been seen by any of

Ada, her late maid, took advantage of the

Ada, her late maid, took advantage of the confusion to mingle with the other housemaids; but she could learn nothing except that the two Chisholms had charge of their young lady; that she had eaten nothing, drank nothing, and had not been "herself" since her bereavement. The husband's purpose was manifest.

But her rescuers could do nothing till the funeral procession had left the house.

That was late on the following morning.

It was a very handsome funeral; as magnificent as the deceased could have desired in her lifetime. The plumed hearse; the train of mourners; the costumed outriders; the religious solemnities of the procession; all were in keeping. In one of the long train of carriages, open sufficiently for the crowd to see, Lord Estonbury was seated, in deep mourning, and with a countenance composed and sad. None of the carriages contained his wife.

As the procession left the gates, young Reginald Vane Thorpe, with his companions, Wallrade and Alicia, conducted by Ada, went up the marble steps to the grand portico and colonnade.

Wallrade demanded to see Lady Estonbury.

Wallrade demanded to see Lady Estonbury. The man answered that she was too ill to see

But, Reginald thrust him aside, and strode on through the halls so familiar to him; so soon again to own him as their master.

These were her rooms," she said, touching a They were locked; but at the command of Reginald, the housekeeper advanced, keys in

"Where is your mistress?" Alicia asked.

The woman answered defiantly that her mistress would see no visitors. And she added that it was very strange—this intrusion, at a time when there had been a death in the

Wallrade took the dame, bristling in her stiff

Wallrade took the dame, bristling in her stiff black dress, aside.

"My good woman," he said, "we may as well be short with you. This gentleman"—pointing to Reginald—"is the rightful Marquis of Estonbury; and he is in his own house."

The woman held up her spread hands, but was staggered when she saw the look of authority on Reginald's handsome features.

"And we mean to see your lady," added Wallrade. "There is foul play at work, and we mean to save her."

The covering housekeeper unlocked the door of the suit of rooms belonging to young Lady Estonbury. They were empty!

"Perhaps you would like to see his lordship's and my lady the dowager's?" she demanded, dryly, with compressed lips.

"If you please," was the calm reply.
All these were unlocked in turn. All were unoccupied.

"You where is your lady."

"Now, where is your lady?"
"How can I tell? If she was mad, and her screams disturbed the house, it was right in his lordship to order her conveyed to a safe place, was it not?"

The gentlemen looked at each other. Was it The gentlemen looked at each other. Was it possible that the victim had already been consigned to her living sepulcher?

Just then Ada, who had gone up another flight of stairs, ran in and whispered that she had caught a glimpse of Mr. Chisholm peering down over the stairs from the very topmost flight.

The party instantly ascended.
Wallrade was foremost, and clutched Chisholm as he endeavored to steal behind the balustrade, on his way to a room, which, they were all convinced, contained a prisoner. Moans were distinctly heard within it.

Chisholm struggled with his captor, and finding he could not escape, called to his wife to bolt the door against the intruders.

But she came out, curious to know who had ome, and was confronted by Reginald.

He thrust her aside and went in, followed by It was a large and lofty room, lighted only by a skylight, and destitute of furniture, except two or three mattresses and some pillows heap-

There, on the floor, her face buried in the pillows, lay the hapless Lady Estonbury.

At the sound of voices and footsteps, she gave a wild shriek, and strove to conceal herself behind the cushions, for she supposed they

had come to remove her to the madhe

Alicia flew to her, and kneeling down, flung her arms around her, crying and sobbing. Regi-nald lifted her from the ground, and supported are safe now! She looked from one to another, bewildered, while Dame Chisholm wrung her hands, sob-

bing:
"Oh, my lady! my poor dear lady!"
"You are come to save me!" gasped Helen.
"You will not let them take me to that dread-

And, while both her friends assured her of "Take her with you to the carriage—to the inn!" cried Wallrade. "I will deal with

While Reginald, assisted by Alicia and Ada, bore the insensible form down-stairs, the gentle-man was informing the Chisholms of the change of proprietorship of the Estonbury estates.

It was the argument of all others to compel their obedience. The dame, convinced that Reginald was the true master of the mansion, volubly excused herself for her part of the business, and busied herself in packing up her lady's trunks, to be sent after her.

And she and her husband interfered to present any expectation from the vect of the hards.

went any opposition from the rest of the household to the removal of their lady.

Helen was taken to the best chamber the inn afforded, and a medical man was sent for. She recovered her senses only to be seized with convulsions, and the surgeon pronounced her threatened with brain-favor. ened with brain-fever.

Quiet and judicious treatment, he hoped, might avert it; and that she was sure to have with such friends around her. Wallrade continued to walk the terrace in front of the Estonbury mansion till the return of the carriages after the funeral obsequies.

He at once addressed the marquis, and requested him to step aside, and hear what he had

In a few words he made him acquainted with the state of affairs on all sides. His lordship af-fected infinite contempt for the pretensions of Reginald; but was furious at his wife's escape.

ore he would pursue her with the officers of the law.
"Stop. One word, if you please," said Wall-"Stop. One word, if you please," said Wallrade. "I see you do not remember me as well as I do you. I had the pleasure once of know-

as I do you. I had the pleasure once of knowing you under another name."

The marquis started and grew pale.

"Gilbert Breck, you cannot have forgotten a certain paper—a forgery—about which some noise was made, twenty-five years since! That paper is in existence, though the firm forbore to prosecute a young man of such excellent

The effect of the threat was instantaneous on the detected villain. It was but one of the many crimes he had committed; yet it sufficed to bring him to terms, so far as regarded his intended victim.

nded victim.

Wallrade joined his friends at the inn, armed

with the assurance that they were in no danger of being molested.

Helen was able to travel in two days, and

Helen was able to travel in two days, and went by easy stages to London. Her home was with Alicia Maur, who declared she never would part with her. Was she not Reginald's own cousin, and the benefactress of both?

The suit for the recovery of Reginald's rights was brought, and the marquis, as he called himself, instructed his solicitors and counsel to oppose it to the utmost. But, as soon as they knew the evidence arrayed against them, they saw the folly of opposition, and threw up the case.

case.
Reginald was again Marquis of Estonbury.
Maurice Howard left England without attempting to see his wronged wife. She heard, not a year afterward, of his death on a steamer crossing the Mediterranean.
Lady Helen Howard—for she kept her married name—made her home with her beloved friends, the Marquis and Marchioness of Estonbury.

How happy were Reginald and Alicia in their union, our readers may imagine; since they, like the noble being to whom they owed their happiness, had ever esteemed

"The Right above all." THE END.

The Journal of a Coquette.

BY GARRY GAINES.

"How I do love to tease John Harris! He got about half-provoked at me the other evening for being so lavish with my admiration for the new minister, and when I found out it worried him, of course I piled on the adjectives thicker than ever. He said he couldn't see anything so remarkable in the man—he preached a good, fair sermon to be sure, and his promises and conclusions were quite logical, etc., etc. Oh! as to the logic and all that sort of thing, I said I wasn't thinking about that at all; I really hadn't heard any of the sermon—it was his lovely eyes that took me—they had such a heavenly expression, and such a sweet mouth and perfect teeth as he had—and then he wore his whiskers so becomingly! In fact, he was just my beau ideal in every particular. John shrugged his shoulders, and said a little snappishly that the preacher would doubtless feel highly complimented if he knew that his sermon had met with such hearty appreciation, but he expected, with my mind so favorably disposed toward heavenly influences as it seemed to be, that in a short time I would be one of the leading lights in the church! How simple ed to be, that in a short time I would be one of the leading lights in the church! How simple to get jealous of an entire stranger just because he happens to be handsome. If John hadn't shown so plainly that he was provoked I would-n't have said half as much as I did, but no girl can resist the temptation to plague a fellow a little bit, especially if she gets hold of so good a subject as John Harris. Still, I didn't overrate Rev. Mr. Harper's looks at all, for he's dedecidedly fine looking. It's such a pity he's a

preacher!

I didn't get an introduction to him until last I didn't get an introduction to him until last night after all, although I've been to prayer-meeting twice since he's been here; and that reminds me of aunt Jane's inconsistency. She used always to be taking me to task because I didn't like to go to church, and went around scolding on Sunday mornings because she usually had to go alone, unless it happened to be a very pleasant day—and yet, last Wednesday evening when I told her I was going to prayer-meeting with her, she frowned and said if I was going there to be profited it was all right, but if meeting with her, she frowned and said if I was going there to be profited it was all right, but if I was going merely to captivate the preacher and make a simpleton of him as I did of all these other fellows, I'd better stay away. Make a simpleton of him, indeed! She oughtn't to blame me if he should accidentally fall in love with me and want me to become the Bey Mrs Paul me and want me to become the Rev. Mrs. Paul

Harper.

He has been out calling on his parishioners this week and to-day he came here, and aunt Jane didn't intend to let me know he was here. for she never called me down-stairs, although she knew I was in my room (afraid I would distract the clerical heart from its ecclesiastical duties. I presume but just as I heard him leaving the parlor I tripped down-stairs with my hand furs on and met him at the hall door. course I was very much surprised to see him, and said I was just going down town on an errand, and then it was the most natural thing in the world for him to walk along with me as he happened to be going in the same direction. Aunt Jane looked daggers at me, but I appeared as innocent as an angel, and I made up for her meanness by casting my most bewitching glances at him all the way.

He really is delightful, and if he were anything else under the sun but a preacher, I be-lieve I'd lose my heart. I suppose aunt Jane will say lots of malicious things when she finds out I've promised to take a class in Sunday School, but Mr. Harper wants me to; so I won't care for what anybody else says, although, to tell the truth, I don't know how to set about teaching a lot of urchins any more than a baby, and I don't suppose I could get aunt Jane to give me any instruction or ideas in the matter, for me any instruction or ideas in the matter, for I've heard her go on in such a contemptuous way about the absurdity of getting foolish, giddy, trifling girls to fill the responsible position of teaching little souls the way to heaven; and of course, as she always includes me in that charming catalogue, there's no use in asking her. Alice Lamb has had a class for a year or the course, as the street of the course, as the street of the course, as the street of the course of the two, and she's nearly as young as I am; but aunt Jane considers her a model of perfection because she pieces quilts, and makes batting,

and never has beaux.

I presume my sudden appearance at prayermeeting will set all the old ladies in the church agog, thinking I have matrimonial designs on the minister, who is supposed to be their exclu-sive property, especially the dames who have daughters that have been waiting for a chance to marry—like old Mrs. Lamb, for instance; her two older girls can hardly be considered lambs any more, having got so ancient that they are beginning to look sheepish. Poor things! they have been ready to marry for years, and only waiting for the "coming man," who, unfortunately, never arrives; but then, girls who are so eager never have a chance. Aunt Jane says that's all the discrimination men have—any gigling either of thing who happens to have dimensionally and the same of the sa gling chit of a thing who happens to have dimples and a doll-baby face will have dozens of offers, while the really sensible ones are left to old-maidism. Of course she knows.

As I was coing down street to the control of the course she knows.

old-maidism. Of course she knows.

As I was going down street with Mr. Harper to-day, I happened to look up at Harris's law office and there was John gazing out of the window at us, but, as soon as he saw that I noticed him he turned his head in another direction, and then, when I was coming home I saw him just ahead of me, walking with Kate Johnston and kind of halting and looking back every moment to see if I was nearly up to them. Poor fellow! he don't understand female human nature very well, or he wouldn't display his disconsolateness so publicly.

consolateness so publicly.

Now, if I had been in his place, I would have helped her tenderly across the muddy places, as he does with me, instead of letting her plod through herself, and all the time she was talking looking as absent-minded as an owl; I'd have told her how charming she looked, what a becoming het her work and all sorts of little becoming hat she wore, and all sorts of little things that don't amount to much, but which girls always like to hear. However, this is his first love affair, I suppose (though they all say that) and of course he's not so well posted as he will be by the time he has seen more of so-







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To Start in Number 434!

A SUPERB SUCCESSOR TO "JOE PHENIX!

Elegant Egbert;

THE GLOVED HAND.

A Mississippi River Romance.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE,

AUTHOR OF "TIGER DICK," ETC., ETC. Singularly original and novel in plot, char-

acter and act, and fairly vivid with the intens feeling and passion which pervade it all. It is, although strong in drama, exceedingly pleasing; and though the train of incidents that make up its chapters is of "high-strung" interest, it is yet entirely free from everything unnatural or overwrought. Lovers of Stories of the Highly Dramatic order-and what good reader can plead indifference to such workswill welcome "Elegant Egbert" as quite a new sensation.

In this issue we give so much space to serials as to somewhat restrict our usual liberal variety of sketches and miscellaneous matter. Readers will, however, scarcely miss the minor matter in the greater interest which the fine romances will excite. And yet, there is no lack of variety, exceptionally crowded as the columns are with running romances. Some thing good here for every reader! Is it not so?

WE have in hand a new story by the author of "The Pretty Puritan," which will be a surprise and a delight. It is so fresh, unique and unconventional in plot, method and people that it is positively "something new under the sun," and will add another to our rosary of novelties for the season.

Sunshine Papers.

Small Talk.

SMALL TALK; the very smallest kind of talk; the only talk known to half the young people of the world—what is it?

Well, you hear it on the cars, something in this strain. Young man escorting a young woman, to visit his sister Helen, says to his fair and stylish companion: "What kind of a time have you had this

summer ? "Oh! perfectly lovely! Went to Newport, and had just the gayest larks! It was superb there, this season!"

"Yes, I suppose so. It is a charming place if one doesn't get any of the nasty fogs, you

Did you get any fogs?" "Only one the whole time. Wasn't it gor

"Yes, indeed, gorgeous; but then of course you went out in it, to improve your complex-"Heavens! how horrid of you! How dread

ful you must think my looks!" "Not a bit; they could not be improved; only I meant all Newport ladies do go out in the fogs. So you had a good time; I heard of

you there."
"You did! Who told you?"

"Oh; never mind. "But you must tell me."

"Oh, I can't." "Then you are a horrid thing! Come, who

was it?"

"Was it Helen?" "What did she tell you?"

"Never mind." "But I must know. Do tell me."

"Did she read you my letters?"

"Oh, tell me what she said."

'No, I mustn't." "Yes, you must! What was it?" Coaxing failing to prevail, a new subject is introduced, after a little preliminary pouting.

"You've no idea what divine dancing we had this season.

"Don't I wish I'd been there! Did you boat much?' "Oh! no indeed! Yachting and boating is quite passe, now. No one who is good style

would think of such things!" Two young women in a stage: "Are you going to Jennie Ray's party?' 'Of course; shan't you? What shall you

'A new blue silk; it is just divine. What

"Tulle and rose vines; you've no idea how sweet it is!" 'Isn't that dress lovely the new actress in

'The Smitten Heart' wears?"

"Oh! perfectly charming. I just go to theaters to see the dresses, don't you?"

"Well, I don't care much for the plays, except the exciting romantic ones. Isn't Adolph Jones, in 'The Murderous Lovers,' a love of a man? I'm wild over him!" "So am I."

"Have you read 'That Husband of Mine?" "No; it is too dry. I like such sweet books as 'The Stolen Bride,' and 'The Deserted

Young women at home: "Alice, which do you like better, ruffles or side-plaiting?" "Ruffles are sweet; side-plaiting is nice, too

which are you going to have?"
"I don't know; I shall tell the dressmaker to be just as stylish as possible, and leave it all to her. What is the firing for?"

"I heard pa say something about its being

Evacuation day." 'Evacuation day! What's that?" "Don't ask me. I didn't trouble my head about it; something the same as election day, I

"Oh, don't speak of election days; they are horrid; such a time about some stupid man getting to be governor or president. Just as if it made any difference who it was, or if there were any governors or presidents at all. I don't see what good they are, that people make such a time over them. For my part I think it would be lovely to have a king or en, so that we could copy the dresses and go to the grand balls. See how stylish the French people are, because they have the Empress

Eugenie to pattern after."
"Why, Eugenie is dead; or at least she is not in Paris, now."

"Isn't she? Well, I suppose some other "No, I heard pa talking about a Mr. Thiers

dying, who was head man in Paris."
"Oh, you are thinking of Tweed, that man
that was brought here from somewhere, and

was so dreadfully rich once." Perhaps so; but let us practice that new duet. Harry Haynes may call to-night and we must play it for him.'

Young man calling on a young woman:

"Isn't it a horrid night?"
"Just awful. Don't you hate storms?"
"Yes, don't you? You are very brave to

venture out. "Oh, no! You don't suppose I could have staved home?"

"Couldn't you?" "Could I?" How should I know?"

"Oh, you do know. Aren't you going to

I don't know anything to play." "Play Blue Bird Polka."

"I don't know where my notes are; and I don't play much either."

"Oh, yes you do, I know. Come, do play." "I have a sore finger. "Well, just play a little."

"I will try."
"Do you like Chopin's compositions?"
"I don't like anything but Strauss; he writes

waltzes and things. "Yes, his waltzes are lovely," etc., etc.

He says: "Mighty pretty girl, and dresses nicely, and has a rich father; I'll have to keep

She says: "What an entertaining fellow!"
Bah! A Parson's Daughter.

"INTER NOS."

BETWEEN ourselves there are a great many odd persons in this world who have queer ideas and strange notions, and many who like to run along in the old ruts, not caring to grow wiser as the world grows older, just like a neighbor of mine, who is averse to making any new kind of a cake lest she should spoil it in the making and so lose the ingredients, or at least waste them. She still uses candles—tallow dips-which do not dispel the darkness, but do injure her eyes in the vain endeavor of striving to see. Kerosene she will have none of. not even in the can, for fear it may explodeexplore," she styles it—and then she wonders why her eyes ache and the stitches in her work 'every which way.

Others there are who read of the new means by which to retain our health and eyesight but are so wedded to their old ideas and their own notions that they will not profit by what they read; but are so impolite as to call these noted physicians, who give their lives to study how we can retain our lives, "nothing but lunkheads." I suppose it has always been so. Our ancestors may have laughed at the idea of traveling by steamboat and railway cars just as we now laugh at the idea of aerial naviga-

tion; still the latter may be accomplished, even if not in our day. You see, we feel just a little piqued to discover that there are wiser heads than ours. It's an awful thing to consider that some individu-

als know more than we do, now, isn't it? But, I do believe that is just the reason people will not believe in any "new-fangled notions."

Between ourselves, I think many are too quick to jump at conclusions. I've heard of a person who does not admire the works of Charles Dickens simply because he was not interested in his "Life of Grimaldi," and because he found that uninteresting, he jumped at the conclusion that all of Dickens's novels were like that. One might just as well say he didn't like the Bible because the first chapter of St. Matthew was not of an exciting nature. Another s fierce in his condemnation of dime novels, thinking that, because the original series has been imitated, and the imitation is a base one, the original can be no better! Arrant non-Just read before you judge. Ive read, and I'm not ashamed to own I have done so On the contrary, I only wish I had sufficient talent to write as good a dime novel as some I've read.

Between ourselves, I have an apology to make, and one that I owe to several good peo-ple whom I would not willingly offend. Do you remember, some time ago, in one of my ssays, I made a remark concerning the having of but two meals on Sunday, in the country and, I blush to say, rather ridiculing the idea I know better now. I have been told the eason, and that is the reason of my apology. A good friend, who will read my essays, and who does not want me to offend by wholesale, says that many farmers' wives keep no servant—that, unless this Sunday two-meal ar rangement was made, they could not go to church and return in time, especially, as in some cases, the church is some miles away did not think of that when I wrote, and I'm very sorry I wrote it, and if you'll only forgive me, I'll try not to offend again. When I am in the wrong I will acknowledge my fault. Is

my apology accepted? Between ourselves, I wonder why people do not seem to imagine it necessary to have any education if they are about to marry. What I mean is just this: A young female was informing a friend of mine that she was to be married in the spring, at which my friend re-

marked, "If you are to be married so soon, I should think it was needless for you to go to school this winter." That struck me as being a queer speech and a most extraordinary idea. Does all education stop at the threshold of mat-rimony? I don't believe in ignorant husbands and wives, and I don't believe education should cease when married life commences. One can educate oneself if one will only try to do

so. Don't bring forward those hackneyed excuses, "no time," and "too old to learn." I think, when a person speaks of the "oppressiveness of the hemisphere," when she means atmosphere, a year or two more "schooling" will do her no harm, do you?

Between ourselves, I think one grows very weary of the remarks concerning the weather, especially when you are told a dozen times a day that "the weather is so warm," or "the weather is so cold." It grows somewhat monotonous, and one sighs for some other topic of conversation. One might inquire after the welfare of a neighbor's sore throat, but the invariable weather topic would peep out again in the answer: "Not so well to-day, Eve, the morning is so chilly; don't you think so? Well, I suppose if some people did not have the "hemisphere" to talk about, but little conversation would be carried on; that is "inter nos," however. Eve Lawless.

Foolscap Papers.

My Dream-Book.

I HAVE always been considered a first-class dreamer, and now have a great many dreams on hand, of assorted sizes and colors. In the interpretation of dreams I have been rated (like every thing) with Denial in the dan of lions, and with Joseph, who embarked in the faro business and got so rich. So splendid am I on the interp. that I have lately published a dream-book, from which I beg to extract a few extracts in a diluted form:

To dream of bedbugs is a sign that you will attain all the money you can grasp, and if that should fail, you ought to wake up and see if the bedbugs, at least, are not true.

To dream of crossing a bridge is a sign that you will die some day before you want to.

To dream of a comet is a sign that you are in a comet-ose condition, or that you will come-it over somebody in a trade.

To dream of feathers in a hotel bed ismerely a dream.

To dream of signing your name to another man's note is a bad sign, and likely to cause some more eventual sighin'.

If you dream that you are about to be hung it is a good sign, for it informs you that the time has come to begin to correct your mode

To dream of nothing means that you have some kind of a future before you if you'll accept it, and none behind you.

To dream of oysters with the shells on is a

bad omen for your abdomen.

To dream of a boot full of snakes means that you had better begin to let up a little.

To dream of a torch is a sure and never-failing sign that you will eventually go some-where if you ever get started. To dream of turkey is a sure sign of thanks-giving, and the question arises, "Ottoman or not give thanks for it?"

To dream that you are in the midst of enough money to pay four cents on the dollar of your liabilities, indicates that you had better make up your mind to permanently locate here—and pay up.

If you dream that all your debts are paid up, and that you do not owe a cent in the world, with plenty of bonds on hand that do not have to be taxed, you had better never wake up, and send me a thousand dollars for

If you dream that you are an angel with wings, the common supposition would be that you had better not come back—unless as a

To dream that you are falling down a coal shaft for crimes which you have committed indicates that you had better stay there and

keep on falling. Dreams go by contraries. If you dream that you are president of a bank, you can take yourself to one side and assure yourself that it

s no such a thing. If a lady dreams that she has a suit of furs fetched from the north pole, it will prove that it is a fur-fetched dream. What for are such

If you dream that you fall from a four-story uilding and save yourself by catching on a sign, I should imagine that it would be a pretty good sign.

If you dream that you are going down street in the character of a wagon-wheel, and see two moons, it is an evening sign that there has en too much superfluousness.

When you dream of onions you can have a strong scent of the fact that it indicates centless and penurious poverty, and if you do not wake and find yourself as far away from a cent, except of onions, as it is possible for a sane man to be and not know himself, you can have all my debts at three cents on the dollar.

To dream that somebody kicks you is a sign that you will get an unexpected start in busi-

To dream that you see a saw means that you will meet a fellow who is saw-see, and make you see more stars than you ever saw.

To dream of an imp is a very imp-roper dream; it is imp-osing, imp-robable and imp-

Dreaming of chickens is a good sign of a bad sign; you can begin to get mad for summer To dream that you are nobody in the world

means that you are making a fool of yourself.

To dream of falling is a good omen, especially to dream of falling heir. To dream that you are reveling in all the gorgeous delights of house-cleaning is a sorrow

ful sign, as a general thing.

To dream of spilling your coffee means that you have an enemy, or will at least succeed in making one if you work industriously at it.

To dream that you are being burned for heresy is a sign of somebody's cold feet.

To dream that you are going through a thrashing machine and getting all chewed up is a sign of unalloyed happiness, and you should try to feel comfortable, and order more thrash-

To dream of a dispute indicates that before thirteen years pass you will have cross words with your wife, unless something extraordinary

To dream of fishing means that you will have some money sometime if you go to work for it in the right kind of a manner. To dream that you are sitting up on the top

of your own head whittling tooth-picks is an unfailing sign that something is about to take To dream that you discharge a gun on account of bad behavior, is a veritable sign that

inside of twelve months will be a year.

To dream that you go around settling all your tailor's, boot and butcher's bills is a very good sign if it would only last. To dream that your wife is the most amiable

and long-suffering woman in the world is an uncompromising assurance that it is too good

If you dream that you are your wife's old aunt you had better write your will with a few leavings to the subscriber, and proceed to never wake up.

To see straws in your dreams, scattered here

and there, with mint-juleps for foundations, is a very sorrowful, sorrowful sign.

To dream that you see a ship is a sign that

you have hopes of getting married—again.

To dream that you are choking on the boot-jack is a sure sign that you will be broken down by being broken up—if that will do you

any good.

To dream that you are going into a seaport is a sure indication that you have gone to see port too much.

To dream of work is a splendid dream. shows that you are in a normal condition, and is much better than the awful reality.

To dream of an enemy is a token that somewhere in some corner of the earth there is some one who would be your friend—if you had loose money enough about you.

To dream of an elephant is an unfailing sign of something or other.

To dream of a balloon is a sign that you will get on an awful high, unless you put a brick in your hat to keep yourself down.

To dream that you are Cincinnatus is a sign that you shall not adopt that character, unless the Constitution of the United States is terrifically changed. Yours, dreamily,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—Over two hundred and seventy-five quartz locations in Custer and Pennington counties, Black Hills, have been entered.

—The average length of life of Quakers is remarkably high in England. The greatest number of deaths occur between seventy and eighty vears of age.

—A man named James James lives in Texas who is 104 years old, and who has drank whisky for eighty years. Notwithstanding his peculiar name and his festive habit, he was never afflicted with the "issue". ed with the "jims."

—A mouse without feet, legs, neck, or tail, is the property of Pat Meehan, a laborer, in Peoria, Ill. The head is joined to the body without any neck, and besides these misfortunes it is blind. Meehan intends selling it to some circus proprietors.

—Akron, Ohio, with a population of 17,000, owes not a dollar. No debt and light taxes insure prosperity, and Akron is growing rapidly. Older and larger municipalities would do well to imitate the financial example of this theifty young city. thrifty young city.

—Mr. Rawlinson, a noted sanitarian in England, who spent much time and labor upon investigations connected with the pollution of rivers, etc., has come to the conclusion that the worst town water would be more wholesome than the best beer for daily use.

to be incased in India-rubber to diminish the ef-

fect of being run over. —Mr. Edison, who, it will be remembered, is omewhat deaf, writes to a Boston gentleman that he has invented a new diaphragm which. that he has invented a new diaphragm which, attached to his ear, will so gather and condense sound vibrations as to enable him to hear with ease the slightest sound, even that of the dropping of a pin. It is his intention in the future to apply this to the phonograph, so that speeches or debates may be registered at a distance from the speecher. tance from the speaker. At present one may apply it to his ear in a crowded assembly and catch the words of a speaker at an almost incredible distance.

-The tornado which lately swept over Mineral Point, Wis., carried a lady 400 feet through the air. Seven ladies and five children were in a large two-story frame house when the storm burst upon the town, and they all ran down-stairs into the cellar. Mrs. T. C. Roberts fan-cied that one of the children had been left behind, and went back to find her. Mrs. Maria Waller followed her, and before she could return the house tottered and she was blown out of doors hundreds of feet and instantly killed. Mrs. Roberts was badly bruised, but succeeded in crawling down the stairway into the cellar. The house was blown down, and huge rocks were hurled into the basement, but the women and children escaped.

A new mammoth cave has been discovered in Wyoming Territory. Not long since a dozen herders planted a windlass near the mouth of the cavern on Table Mountain, and a man went down with a lantern, clinging to a rope and spinning round a dozen times before he reached the bottom. There was a sheer descent of eighty-two feet to the bottom, where a passage 100 feet long led to subterranean chambers and 100 feet long led to subterranean chambers and vaults of enormous dimensions. The ceiling was fully sixty feet from the floor, and was studded with countless stalactites of all sizes, from a few inches to fifteen feet in length. The floor was covered with cones and stalagmites, like inverted icicles. In many places the stalactites were joined together, having the appearance of huge hour-glasses, and forming a number of pillars from floor to ceiling, adding to the grandeur of

—American riflemen may draw any inferences they please from the refusal of their Britences they please from the refusal of their British rivals to accept the challenge to send over a team of marksmen to compete at the targets this year. The Globe (London) accords them this gracious privilege. They are cautioned against harboring the presumption that the Briton has "caved in" because he has not bound himself to shoot this year; nor will it be safe for them to infer that the American breechloader is the best shooting-iron in the world. The critic is not disposed to underrate the merits of the weapon or the marksmen. Both are admirable; but it is thought that in the United States the native team divide the credit evenly between the rifle and the man who uses evenly between the rifle and the man who uses it. The critic concedes that in fancy shooting Americans have reached a state of perfection to which British riflemen have not aspired.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted; "The Biter Bitten;" "Lovely Trio;"
"Hope;" "Young Maidenhood;" "Joy On Earth;"
"Bonnie Belle;" "Light In Darkness;" "Puss In
Corner;" "A Dollar or Two;" "Mrs. Garret's
Neighbors;" "A Lesson In Good Manners."

Neighbors;" "A Lesson In Good Manners."

Declined: "Dethroned;" "Kiss Me;" "Wrecked in the Tropics;" "A Queer Consul;" "The Old Man Eloquent;" "Being and Seeing; "Will the Summer Bring the Dream;" "Keep the Secret, Sweet;" "The Dress of Clouds;" "Father First and Brother Next;" "The Mountain Meet;" "Old Wine in New Bottles."

CHAS. B. The story "Boy Chief" (Dime Novel No. 339) is by Oll Goomes—not by Col. Ingraham.

BROWNIE MAIME. Try the experiment once or twice. If it is not all that you have been promised it can be dropped and no harm done. You are certainly free to act for yourself.

G. A. N. We see no occasion for the question.

G. A. N. We see no occasion for the question. By all the rules of the game if the ball does not go quite through the wicket it gives you no right to two strokes on the next turn. If at the next turn you knock through the wicket of course that gives you an additional stroke.

you am additional stroke.

Thos. B. S. Subscription entered. Syringe the bushes or vines with a strong decection of tobacco, or with kerosene, or suds made of whale-oil soap. Also dust leaves with flour of sulphur. For trees that are affected there really is no remedy but birds, save carefully cutting off and burning every leaf loaded with eggs.

WILL WESSON asks: "Where did the expression. 'Skin of one's teeth' come from? Is if slang?' Look in your Bible, in the nineteenth chapter of Job and the twentieth verse, and you will read this: "And I am escaped with the skin of my teeth." You see, that the expression is not really "slang," though often used in a slangy way.

Lady Mary. Many ladies find both pleasure and

LADY MARY. Many ladies find both pleasure and profit in painting photographs. It is a pretty art. For full instructions in it, and ceramic painting see the Manual by Geo. B. Ayres—published by Appleton.—As each piece in a decorated set of China has to be painted by hand, the number of artists employed in the beautiful work is necessarily great. Women ought to look to this field for a profession in which to excel.

Minnie Lefferts asks: "Is it customary for a young lady when her lover dies to put on mourning, and attend the funeral as one of the near mourners, among his family?" Yes; if the engagement is a public one she may wear mourning as deep as that assumed by a widow; and she appears directly after the father and mother among the mourners. She continues to dress in black from six months to a year, avoiding society during the first half of the period.

Isaac T. says: "Is there any cure or preventive to lock-jaw? When a wound is made upon the body by some jagged instrument, or by a nail or piece of iron, what will cure it?" We know of no cure for lock-jaw, but you can prevent it, and cure all such wounds as you mention by smoking the wounded part with burning wool, or woolen cloth. Smoke for twenty minutes, and all pain and inflammation will be taken from the wound, and all danger of lock-jaw ensuing.

Gum Cobalt. A pure carmine is extracted from cochineal. A "complementary color" is a color required with another color to form a white light; this is called the complementary of that color; thus, red is the complementary of green, and vice versa; blue is the complementary of orange, and vice versa; yellow is the complementary of violet, and vice versa; because blue and orange, red and green, and yellow and violet, each make up the full complement of rays necessary to form white light.

JESSIE L. M. asks: "When a lady coes to a picnic

ment of rays necessary to form white light.

JESSIE L. M. asks: "When a lady goes to a picnic ought she to provide refreshments for all the persons she invites?" Where a party go to a picnic together all the ladies provide refreshments, generally consulting as to what each will furnish; but when one lady of the party invites any person or persons to accompany her, to whom most of the others are strangers, she should provide extra refreshments. And if she does not go with any other party than entirely invited guests she should provide a nice luncheon for all.

T. J. M. writes: "Vesterdey a ledy remerked that

vers, etc., has come to the conclusion that the worst town water would be more wholesome than the best beer for daily use.

—Another illustration of the fact that inventors seldom realize the benefit of their own inventions is the recent death of John Young, the inventor of the clothes-wringer, at Amsterdam, N. Y., in comparative poverty. He once sold a conditional right to a Boston firm for \$5,000, when he might have realized \$100,000.

—"Beware of counterfeits" is an injunction that should be heeded just now, particularly in the West, where an immense number of bogus silver dollars are in circulation. They are made of block tin, bismuth, and pulverized glass. They are said to imitate exactly the true color and ring, and are about right in weight.

—Lee Wung Sin, a laundryman of this city, has in his possession a set of rice sticks which have been in use in his family for nearly one thousand years, and have descended as heir-looms from father to son. They are made of bone, and are colored black and shaped like ordinary rice sticks. Lee Wung Sin says they have served rice to hungry people's mouths at least 1,100,000 times.

—India-rubber tires on the wheels of carriages are becoming quite common in England. One of these vehicles, silently gliding along on a moonlight night, has a very weird effect, and if the horse had India-rubber shoes as well, the whole affair would be horribly ghost-like. People who do not hear remarkably well ought also to be incased in India-rubber to diminish the effect of being run over.

the day of the entertainment.

Lizzie Heath writes: "In going up the Sound or Hudson river, ladies often make very pleasant acquaintances—both among ladies and gentlemen. Is it proper to give such acquaintances your card and address and ask them to call upon you?" You must be governed by circumstances are made of whose antecedents you know, or concerning which you can easily satisfy yourself; in that case exchange of cards and addresses is not out of the way. But it is best to be very particular about making the acquaintance of strangers. It is easier to get to know them than to drop them.

Bell Stockton asks: "How long should girls of sixteen wear their dresses? If a gentleman calls upon me, and his wife owes me a call as well, should I call upon them until she calls, also? How can train dresses be made to hang and trail nicely?" Girls of sixteen wear dresses reaching to the instep.—If, when the gentleman calls, he offers a good reason for his wife's absence, you should return his call. But if you know the excuse to be a trivial one, or none is offered, you should still wait for the wife to pay the call she over you.—Put a wide pleating of crinoline upon the inside of all trained or demittained skirts.

WILLARD TELFORD, Kennebunk, asks: "Upon which fingers should rings he worn to denote friendship.

WILLARD TELFORD, Kennebunk, asks: "Upon which fingers should rings be worn to denote friendship, engagement, marriage, etc.?" There are few rings worn to convey other meanings than engagement and marriage. The engagement-ring finger is the first of the left hand; and the wedding-ring finger the third of the left hand. A ring worn upon the fourth finger, by a lady, is said to convey the intimation that she is resolved never to marry. In foreign countries, and among foreigners in this country, a plain gold ring, worn upon the little finger of a gentleman's hand, denotes that he is a married man.
"Sapte" East Hampton Ct. "All colleges and WILLARD TELFORD, Kennebunk, asks: "Upon which

ger of a gentleman's nand, denotes that he is a married man.

"Sadie," East Hampton, Ct. "All colleges and universities do not admit ladies as students.—In the New England and Middle States there are many excellent institutions to which ladies can go: Vassar College, Wellesley College, Wesleyan University, Cornell University, Rutgers College, etc., etc.—The best way to find out the studies upon which examination for admission depends is to write to the secretary or president of any one of these institutions for a catalogue which will give you all necessary information.—We presume a very clever and studious girl could do what any clever and studious young man could.—If you were a good musician, or artist you might give lessons in those branches; or you might act as visiting governess for some children, after recitation hours. State your case to the president of some good college or university and ask his advice and aid.

Expectant writes: "What is the requisite num-

your case to the president of some good conege or university and ask his advice and aid.

Expectant writes: "What is the requisite number of undergarments, skirts, etc., (of course, I mean new ones), which a young lady should make up who is about to get married, and what is the limited number of dresses, when she cannot afford a very extravagant outlay; and what ought those especial dresses to be?" The answer to your first question depends largely upon how nice and numerous have been the articles with which you have kept yourself supplied; but under most circumstances we should say that half a dozen of each garment was sufficient, since styles change, and clothes laid away starched, and but seldom used, grow irreparably yellow and rotten. When the week's washing is brought in, the freshly-laundried articles should be placed at the bottom of their respective piles; by this method the wear is evenly distributed and the garments last much longer. You can do very nicely with five new dresses—a traveling dress, a silk for appearing out and visits, a handsome street costume, and two house dresses.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next

THE DAY IS GONE.

BY ERN E. STILLMAN.

The day is gone—
A day that is tried and proven complete;
The morrow's dawn,
Ere it comes, tires my weary, lagging feet.

The morning sun
Rose thro' a cloudless sky; and love arose,
A Beauteous One,
Within my heart, and with it calm repose.

The starless night
Spreads her cloak of gloom o'er the land and sea
No beacon light—
No ray of hope shines thro'the dark for me.

Oh, day so fair!
Why could ye not with me forever stay?
Oh, love more fair,
Why could ye not outstay the fleeting day?

The day is gone!
A day that is tried and proven complete!
And life moves on,
But life for me is now no longer sweet!

Typical Women.

JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

MRS. FREMONT may be called a remarkable woman in a peculiar sense. Though she has had her share of adventure and active life, she is hardly a subject for history. She has not, like Mrs. Gaines, associated her name with any great cause or event; nor has she had a life mission like Miss Nightingale. Yet what she has done is not of less real importance in that it has been an influence only discernible in its effects upon other minds. Had she lived in France, she might have entered openly into the arena of politics, and ruled in the councils of the nation. In America her sphere of action was limited; but no control could fetter the animating spirit she sent forth, through her social relations, acting on minds that controlled the destinies of the country. No woman has had a more extensive acquaintance with leading statesmen, and few who have known her have failed to be swayed, one way or another, by the force of her powerful nature. MRS. FREMONT may be called a remarkable

She always possessed extraordinary clearnes She always possessed extraordinary clearness and quickness of perception, with a brilliancy of wit in her lively conversation. It is the great charm of her humor and repartee, that they are perfectly spontaneous. Almost at all times her discourse is sparkling—flashing, it may be said—with rich and picturesque illustration. In this she resembles her cousin, William C. Preston, of South Carolina. Probably few women in the United States ever equaled her in this kind of splendor. There is vivid force in her wordpainting. She elicits new ideas as she speaks on the most ordinary topic, and her fancy gives a fresh coloring to old ones. Her ornament, withal, is unstudied as the play of a sunlit fountain.

She is a woman of rare culture, and has he mind enriched by observation in the varied scenes she has witnessed. Yet there is no pe-dantry about her, and while she enriches the lightest social gossip with her mental stores, she does it without effort or even conscious-

In person and manner she has been said to re-semble her father, the distinction In person and manner she has been said to resemble her father, the distinguished Colonel Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who sat thirtyone years in the United States Senate. Her birthplace was a picturesque spot in Virginia, on the estate of her maternal grandfather, Colonel James McDowell. This was in Rockbridge county, extending "from the valley to the tops of all the hills in view;" the point of view being a lakelet formed by the meeting of two streams crossing the valley. Mrs. Fremont's great-grandfather held the original grant of this domain, with a thousand acres in Greenbrier county, and other thousands in Kentucky. These grants had been made by the British Government to their young officers, in reward for military service. The inheritor of these magnificent estates divided his patrimony with his mother and sisters. The most careful cultimagnificent estates divided his patrimony with his mother and sisters. The most careful cultivation was bestowed on the lands, the chief crops being tobacco and wheat. The Scotch settlers had introduced a thorough system of farming; the best imported stock and horses belonged to the property, and the thrift, order and abundance that reigned were worthy of the most prosperous era of the early Virginian planters, who were like kings and princes in the land. These lords of the soil were often distinguished not only by noble aspect and dignity of manner, but by uprightness, justice, and liberality, with a temperance rare in those days.

The dwellers in this region, at that period, presented an illustration of the country life peculiar to the true Virginia home. It was the

culiar to the true Virginia home. It was the pride of the proprietors to have it known that they lived on land that had never been bought or sold; and that in sixty years no negro had been transferred to another owner. Each planbeen transferred to another owner. Each plan-tation was a little principality, producing with-in its own limits everything needed except gro-ceries and fine cloths, which were brought from Richmond in the wagons that carried the harvest of flour and tobacco

of flour and tobacco.

The central portion of Virginia, cradled among the mountains, where lie the Sulphur Springs, the Hawk's Nest, the Natural Bridge, and other wonders of scenery—not far south enough for the operation of planting interests—was the region where the old ancestral pride and content of more moneyed-aristocracy subwas the region where the old ancestral pride and contempt of mere moneyed-aristocracy subsisted in sternest purity. Its farming, rather than trading or planting interests, was first broken in upon after the invention of the cotton-gin, which revolutionized Southern interests. Many among the leading families—such as the Randolphs, Wythes, McDowells, and others—had no belief in the continuance of slavery. Some went further, and, in their wills, emancipated their slaves, while others did so during their lives. Mrs. Benton, the mother of Mrs. Fremont, was one of these; and she gave the freed slaves a helping hand, supporting them by way of giving them a start in independent

the freed slaves a helping hand, supporting them by way of giving them a start in independent life till they could live alone.

It is interesting to look back on those days, never to return for Virginia. Then, pedigree was a prized qualification; and the title: "Virginia gentleman," since usurped and brought into ridicule, had a meaning. Simplicity of character, good faith, honesty of purpose, loyalty to a conviction, a liberal hospitality, and a life spent in the honorable discharge of duty, were indispensable traits. Thackeray gave us George and Henry Esmond as types of the best class in Virginia society. Could he have painted a lovable woman, he might have given the feminine side of the character. But Madame Esmond is only the colonial Englishwoman, losing the calmness that marked the caste, through the the calmness that marked the caste, through the wear and tear of managing ignorant servant

wear and tear of managing ignorant servants and tenantry.

In those days there was a classified, sifted, and solidly established order of society. There was a substantial foundation for prosperity and homely abundance, and a frank truthfulness in the mode of life, in contrast to the often deceptive display of commercial communities. A temporary show of splendor, at the cost of real impoverishment, would have been regarded by the staid, honest inhabitants as a kind of forgery for the purposes of an adas a kind of forgery for the purposes of an ad-

The daughters of prominent families went to chool or to visit on horseback, and in their cld-fashioned carriages, with attendant slaves; and their brothers had their special servants, logs, guns, and horses. Besides the ordinary tranches of education, and the duties of miscress of a household, the girls were taught fine ambroidery and the care of their complexions. A high-born Virginia maiden would hesitate to 'spread her hand' by turning a door-knob, or andling a heavy object. Long gloves and deep turn-bonnets were constantly worn, and they ate ittle meat or butter.

Colonel Benton's family, like the McDowells, school or to visit on horseback, and in their old-fashioned carriages, with attendant slaves; and their brothers had their special servants, dogs, guns, and horses. Besides the ordinary branches of education, and the duties of mistress of a household, the girls were taught fine embroidery and the care of their complexions. A high-born Virginia maiden would hesitate to "spread her hand" by turning a door-knob, or handling a heavy object. Long gloves and deep to visit on horseback, and in their handling a heavy object.

was of English extraction, and native to Virginia. His daughter Jessie passed her early years amid the beautiful scenery surrounding her birthplace, where four generations of cultivation had spared the time-honored oaks of the primeval forest. Mr. Benton, after his entrance on public life, kept his family in Washington every winter, where Mrs. Benton's winter circles were composed of the most distinguished persons in the capital. Her brilliant coteries

cles were composed of the most distinguished persons in the capital. Her brilliant coteries were really as historical as the most famous ones of French princesses. Jessie was often a listener to social and political discussions, by which, unconsciously, her opinions were shaped. When she was ten years old she was invited to a ball at the Russian Embassy, because she could speak French and Spanish, and act as interpreter. Her first state dinner party was at the President's, when she was not quite thirteen. At fifteen she was first bridemaid to Madame Bochisco; Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, standing with her.

The journey to St. Louis requiring three or four weeks, it was only taken at the close of the short session of Congress. The family of Colonel Benton spent the time from March to November in their Western home. The big old yellow chariot, lined with red leather—christened "Cinderella's Pumpkin," was a time-honored and useful possession. From March to May they were sometimes in New Orleans. That city was a provincial Paris, far removed from the social laws that governed the Virginians. The changes of moral atmosphere, with the travel to and fro through the liberal and growing West, the polished and luxurious life of the Crescent City, with the varied experiences of Washington, where Europe as well as the United States was represented, contributed to enlarge the ideas of the young people.

In October, 1841, Miss Benton was married to Mr. John C. Fremont, then second lieutenant of engineers. She made her home with her family for eight years, her husband being often absent on long and dangerous expeditions. She acted as his private secretary and amanuensis. Some-

for eight years, her husband being often absent on long and dangerous expeditions. She acted as his private secretary and amanuensis. Sometimes she went to meet him at the frontier, in the country of the Delaware Indians; joining him in a tent or a log cabin. At her dinnertable Delaware chiefs, in courtesy, have rivaled the high-bred ease of men accustomed to the elegant culture of society. As she used to say, she has entertained and been entertained "through not only the gamut, but the chromatic scale of society."

On Mrs. Fremont's first expedition to follow her husband to California, she was detained seven weeks on the Isthmus of Panama, and suf-fered severely from the climate. On General Fremont's fourth expedition, commenced in Oc

Fremont had made arrangements to reside in Paris some years with his family; but impending war demanded his services at home. Dur ing the war St. Louis was for a time the home his family. The anxieties and trials endured Mrs. Fremont left their record on her luxuriant hair, which in a few days changed from a glossy brown to silvery whiteness. She has alglossy brown to silvery whiteness. She has always regarded this gray hair as the sacred scars of a veteran.

of a veteran.

For some years past Mrs. Fremont has let her house in New York and resided at her beautiful country seat on the Hudson, "Po-ea-no" (the old Indian name), near Tarrytown. The region is associated with recollections of the great manorial lords of colonial days, of wild adventures during the great Revolutionary struggle, of quaint Dutch customs, and curious traditions.

Mrs. Fremont's children received all their instruction at home. The cultivation of music was a part of her domestic life. Her library is was a part of her domestic life. Her library is a splendid one, containing the greater part of Humboldt's among its treasures, and all the standard works, with others rare and valuable. Mrs. Fremont was the teacher of her daughter, who is accomplished in several modern languages. She has also been an efficient co-worker in the management of several charitable institutions. In her benevolent labors she obtained sympathy and aid from many with whom she was associated in past years, for even polititained sympathy and aid from many with whom she was associated in past years, for even political opponents remembered her with respect and esteem. At her request to Congress, a ship was granted to convey supplies to Charleston and other Southern ports. If in a railway station, she had a recognition and greeting from some statesman who has influenced the country's destiny, she often received afterward a letter from him referring to past events. She might go with certainty of welcome to homes in every State of the Union, and to nearly every country. State of the Union, and to nearly every country

The Rejected Heart:

THE RIVAL COUSINS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN'S HEART AND A WOMAN'S SOUL. "HE is not coming!"
The dark eyes of the speaker were lifted impatiently to the clock upon the mantel, the min-

Josie was silent; the hardly-drawn breath and heaving bosom alone bearing witness to the struggle it cost her to repress the words, burning and fierce as her own fierce, untamed nature, which arose to her lips, but to which she deared not give struggles. dared not give utterance.

This man held her heart in his hand; she knew

this man held her heart in his hand; she knew it, and so did he.
"I cannot help it! Oh! John, you seem so changed, so different from what you were when you first came to see me. Do you, really, love me as well now as then?"

There was something in this passionate out-burst that touched John Remmington's heart, a heart more selfish and thoughtless than hard

a heart more selfish and thoughtless than hard and unfeeling.

He pressed his lips caressingly upon the forehead that was resting against his shoulder.

"Of course I love you, Josie; the change you complain of is in you, not me. I wish I could see you once more the merry, cheerful girl you were when I first knew you. Now you are jealous without any cause, and miserable at the least disappointment."

Josie lifted her head from the shoulder where it rested.

"You don't understand me, John; it is not these things, in themselves, which so torture me. Your presence is the very life and joy of my soul, but I could endure to be parted from you long and weary months if I were only sure that you loved me. It is the loss of your love that I fear. I can bear anything but that, any thing but that!"

There was an uneasy look in the eyes that rested on that dark, impassioned face; the adoring love that this beautiful girl lavished so adorning love that this beautiful girl lavistict so freely upon him had been very grateful to his vanity, and was so still. But there was some-thing in the fierce vehemence of the passion he had inspired that not only startled him but op-

had inspired that not only startled him but oppressed him with a vague sense of fear.

To him it was but an episode, a pleasant variation to the monotony of his dull life in that out-of-the-way place. It pleased his self-love to see how she hung upon his words, how a frown or smile could bring the clouds or sunshine to her face; and he had gone on, from day to day and from week to week, thinking only of the present enjoyment, with not a thought beyond. But she—she was terribly in earnest. The large black eyes were full of tears, the cheeks pale, while the hand he took was cold and quivering like an aspen.

ering like an aspen.

"Why, Josie, what has come over you, that you look and speak so strangely?"

"I will tell you. Cousin Jenny was here yesterday. She told me that people were talking about your coming here so much; that they said you were trifling with me; that you would

mington is here, of whom Irene always entertained a high opinion. A Quixotic act of his—an account of which I presume you have seen, as it was in all the papers—has deepened this favorable impression. It is my opinion that she is more than interested in him. Poor as Walter is, and hard as he has had to toil and drudge to get his education, it can't be denied but what he is a handsome, fine-looking fellow, with a manly, agreeable way with him, that is very taking, especially with women; and unless you come on, urging upon her the solemn claim that her father gave you, there is no knowing what will happen.

tather gave you, there is no knowing what will happen.

"There is one thing you may be sure of—your cousin is not a woman to fall, like a ripe peach, into any man's mouth. She is a girl to be wooed; and if you don't win her some one else will.

"Another thing, I have lost heavily during the past year. I have now only my estate at Broughton, the income of which will barely support me. So, if you let this rich prize slip through your fingers, you have only two alternatives, go to work, or starve. The latter you will not find to be a very pleasant operation, nor the former, with your habits, an easy thing to do.
"I inclose Irene's picture, by which you will see that she has blossomed into a very beautiful woman.

Your father,
"Charles Remmington."

John gazed with delighted surprise upon the pure, sweet face, which certainly was not of the Josie Harmon style of beauty. Perhaps its very contrast to the dark-eyed, dark-browed beauty he had just left, and of which his fickle heart was beginning to tire, was its chief attraction.

He could hardly bring himself to believe that He could hardly bring himself to believe that it was the pale, shy girl who stood with him at the bedside of her dying father, and whose big blue eyes gazed out upon him with a look he never forgot.

"By Jove!" he cried, "it is the sweetest, loveliest face I ever looked upon! Surrender beauty like this, and half a million, to my cousin Walter? Not if I know myself!"

The early dawn of the following day found John packing his "traps," as he called them, preparatory to taking the first train East.

According to his usual habit, he delayed the most unpleasant part of his preparations as long as possible.

as possible.

When everything else was done, he went to his desk, and unlocking a small drawer, poured its contents out upon it.

It consisted of only some perfumed notes, an embroidered watch-case, a few withered flow-

John glanced at them with a half-frown of impatience and annoyance, and then, as if anxious to get them out of his sight, thrust them into a legen annulus of the sight, thrust them

into a large envelope.

As he did so, a long, jetty curl fell from out a folded paper, coiling itself around his wrist.

He shook it off as if it had been a viper.

How well he remembered the evening he severed it from its sister locks, and all the passionate protestations he uttered.

ate protestations he uttered.

The fire had burned to ashes; a new fancy had taken possession of his fickle heart. And with a feeling of contempt at his folly, that extended to the unhappy girl he had so cruelly wronged, he thrust it among the other mementees and seizing a pen hearn to write

wronged, he thrust it among the other mementees, and seizing a pen, began to write.

He wrote half a page, and then, with a muttered "Pshaw!" tore it up. Commenced another, and tore that up, also.

Glancing at his watch, he saw that he had barely time to catch the train.

Taking another sheet, he scrawled upon it the simple word: "FAREWELL!"

Placing it in the envelope, he directed it to Josie Harmon.

Josie Harmon.

Josie Harmon.

Then seizing a small valise, he went downstairs, leaving the package at the clerk's office as he passed through.

Though thoroughly selfish, preferring his own ease and comfort to any one else's, John Remington was not a cruel man, in the ordinary acceptation of the word. He would sooner give pleasure than pain, if it did not require too much personal exertion and sacrifice on his part. So some compunction mingled with the relief

So some compunction mingled with the relief he experienced at having finally disposed of a matter that had perplexed him not a little, of late, though the sense of relief predominated.

"I have not really harmed the girl," he said to himself, as he took a seat in the cars that were bearing him swiftly away. "I've only flirted with her, as I have done with scores of others. If she is so simple-minded as to think me in earnest, it isn't my fault. She'll marry a better man, who will make her happier than better man, who will make her happier than ever I could. If I had taken dishonorable advantage of her love, as some men would, the case would be different.

would be different."
And consoling himself with the thought that he was not an irredeemable villain, that there was "a lower deep" to which he might have sunk, John took from his vest-pocket his cousin's picture, alternately feasting his eyes upon its rare beauty, and indulging in gay visions of all he would do when he got possession of the wealth she would bring him.

"I'll have a yacht, and the fastest horse I can find!"

Then, as his thoughts reverted to his father's letter, his face darkened. "I wonder what he meant by Walter's 'Quixotic act,' and which was in all the papers. haven't looked at a paper for the last fortnight Walter was my rival—my successful rival—at school and at college, winning golden opinions from every one, but let him not cross my path in this! If he does, he'll be sorry for it to the

latest day of his life!" CHAPTER II.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING. As Irene Carlton heard the clatter of horses

feet back of her, she drew the rein upon her docile, well-trained pony. Perhaps it was the postman, going to Tower-Hill? The visits of the postman were quite an event to the occupants of that lonely, out-of-the-way place. But her first glance at the stalwart form of the rider showed her mistake.

There was something in the figure and carriage of the head that seemed strangely familiar, but it was not until he lifted the broad-brimmed hat from the bronzed face beneath

that she recognized him.
"Cousin Walter!" she cried, in a tone of deighted surprise.

"Miss Carlton?" repeated Irene, reproach-

ully.

The smile that touched the lips had a transorming effect upon the face, almost too grave or his years.

He held warmly, for a moment, the gloved hand extended to him.

"Cousin Irene, then."
As the two rode along, side by side, in the proad country road, Irene glanced up at the pronzed and bearded face, wondering at the change three years had wrought in her compan-

on.

"How greatly he has improved!" she thought. She blushed slightly as she met the eyes fixed to intently upon her face.

"I was thinking how you had altered."

"I was having the same thought of you."

"Time works wonders."

"It does, indeed!"

"It does, indeed!"
The tone in which this was spoken, that honest look of admiration, made the roses bloom still more brightly in Irene's cheeks.

If the young man had put all that he felt into ords, it would not have been any more clear, r half so eloquent. His was one of those quiet, though strong na-nres, which find it difficult to express their celings in words. And it is doubtful as to

eelings in words. And it is doubtful as to thether he would have done so, in this instance, whether he would have done so, in this instance, had it been otherwise.

But the warmth, the joy that gave to that lovely spring day such added bloom and fragrance found utterance in the tones of his voice,

'It almost seems as if you came down from

"It almost seems as if you came down from
the clouds. I certainly never expected to see
you in this dull, out-of-the-way place."
"It is dull," confessed Irene, with a halfsigh; "I should never have chosen it for myself.
We—aunt Remmington and myself—are stopping at Tower-Hill."
"Tower-Hill." echoed Walter; "how did you



"He pressed his lips caressingly upon her forehead."

or six weeks at the encampment.

In California, in the rough days of 1849, when there was gold and nothing else in the land, Mrs. Fremont found a new experience. The fullest tide of emigration had not yet set in. Helr residence was at Monterey, and provisions were usually obtained from the Sandwich Islands. It was there the convention sat for framing a constitution for the State of California; and Mrs. Fremont has been assured that her experience and influence largely aided in the

decision to make it a free State.

She had her full share in the adventure of Western life. At one time for six weeks she was not once in a house; sleeping in a travel-ing carriage, and moving about during the day. When lumps of gold and bags of gold-dust were brought down from the mountains, there were brought down from the mountains, there was no place for their deposit but under the carriage-seat, or in her trunks at Monterey. Some Spaniards from Sonora, working for General Fremont, received half the gold for their labors. Twenty of them wished to return to labors. Twenty of them wished to return to Sonora, and wrote to ask for their proportion. Fremont was at San Francisco; but he sent an Indian to Monterey with the key of the trunk—three days' journey by land—directing the Spaniards to open it, weigh out their part of the gold, and send back the key. This was done with perfect accuracy, not an ounce of gold being taken beyond their share.

The negotiations to which Fremont's proprietorship of the Mariposas property gave rise took him to Europe in the spring of 1852. Both he and Mrs. Fremont had a flattering reception from men eminent in science and letters. They spent a year of unbroken content in Paris. At

spent a year of unbroken content in Paris. At the English court they were in the privileged list, including the diplomatic corps, on account of General Fremont's position, and his being one of the medalists of the Royal Geographical

On her return to Paris, Mrs. Fremont saw On her return to Paris, Mrs. Fremont saw the eagles of the Empire restored to the flags of the troops at the great review of the Champ de Mars, May 10, 1853. She saw the imperial nuptials, and attended all the fetes succeeding. The picturesque part of the new court interested her; but she preferred the genuine royalty of that "dingy St. James." She recalls a scene when she stood two hours in the throne-room of the English palace. Near her stood the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and on the wall hung a large picture of the battle of Waterloo; while at the head of the line of ladies belonging to the diplomatic corps stood the Countess ing to the diplomatic corps stood the Countess Walewski, representing France as the embassa-dress of the empire of another Napoleon. She

tober, 1848, she accompanied him as far as a Government post in Kansas, and remained five or six weeks at the encampment.

ute-hand of which was traveling remorselessly past the hour, to which she had been looking forward with such glad anticipations all the long. The man shrunk visibly from the questioning

day.
She could not have been much over twenty her round, full form displaying the graceful contour of early womanhood. The features were regular, though the lips were fuller and the brows too heavy to make the general effect of the face pleasing, especial-

y in her present mood. Ten, fifteen, twenty Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed. The traight, black brows nearly met, while the cloom that overspread the face deepened to

sitive anger.
"He has broken his word again; he will not come to-night! These words had scarcely passed her lips, when the sudden clang of a gate broke the stillness outside, followed by a leisurely, though firm footfall upon the graveled walk that led to

The transformation that it wrought in that

lowering face was something wonderful to behold; the light, bloom and sparkle that came to it, made it hardly recognizable.

She was at the door before it opened, throwing herself into the arms of the man who stood on the threshold with an abandonment of joy in strong contrast with the langual distratit air of strong contrast with the languid, distrait air of her visitor, who received her caresses and mur-mured words of endearment as something that

was his due, and which called for no particular demonstration on his part. He was about the medium hight, elegantly formed, with a face that would have been called andsome by those who like the type of beauty it embodies. It was strongly sensuous, despite a certain air of refinement, the result of his edu-

cation and surroundings.

He looked like a man who would be good or bad as the impulse seized him, who lived for present enjoyment, with scarcely a thought be-With his fair companion still clinging to his

hands, he threw himself upon the lounge.
"I was beginning to fear that you were not "Will and Steve Marsden were down this afternoon.

The bright face clouded. It was not business then, that detained him, as she had hoped, but these gay young fellows, who had not one tithe the love for, the claim on him, which was hers. It was easy to perceive, in glancing from one to the other, that they both possessed the same impulsive, undisciplined nature, and that what, at first was a mutual attraction might, in the be a source of discord and varian

It is three days since you were here last." This, together with the tone in which it was spoken, completed the measure of Josie's discontent. The cloud deepened on the brow; all the tormenting doubts, the jealous fears, that had vanished in her joy at her lover's return, came back with redoubled force.

"They have seemed very long to me; the time has been when they would have seemed long to "And the time has been when you received me with something else besides reproaches."

The man shrunk visibly from the questioning look that accompanied these words.

"My dear girl, I have been very frank with you from the first. I am entirely dependent upon my father, a proud, stern man, who would ertainly object very strongly to my marrying a poor girl. My marriage is something neces-arily so remote that it is hardly worth while to dwell upon it now; but when I do marry it will be the woman that I love, you may be that."

A soft, bright color came into the cheeks at the caress which followed these words, and which she had evidently interpreted as he in-tended she should. Vague as was all they implied, they satisfied her

Josie lifted her head from the embrace to which she was folded. "I can wait years, darling, if I am only sure of your love. Say that you love no one else as you love me!"

I love no one else as I love vou! But even as these words passed John Remmington's lips, there glided up before his mental vision a fair, girlish face; he felt the soft touch of the hand that was laid in his five years before; heard the faint, tremulous voice from the lips of the dying blessing his betterthal

Half an hour later, Josie stood by the window in the bright moonlight, watching the retreating form of her lover until it disappeared

n a curve of the road.

Now that he was gone, who exercised over er such a strange and subtile fascination, a feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction crept

She had not said to him what she meant to

have said, nor had he said to her what she had hoped to hear from him.

Fatherless and brotherless, there had been no one to question him as to the meaning of the attentions he had paid her all the summer long, and the modesty that was inherent in her nature, in spite of all her faults, made her reluc tant to suggest what the unerring instincts of her sex taught her should come alone from

He had been profuse in his professions of love and admiration, but she taxed her memory vainly to discover anything that could be tortured into a promise of marriage. Indeed he seemed to avoid the subject of marriage, even

seemed to avoid the subject of marriage, even in a general sense, turning it off with a jest whenever she led the way to it, as she sometimes had, of late, in order to sound him. She had made up her mind that she would have a definite understanding that evening, and it had passed like every other; reproaches on her part followed by protestations on his, protestations which, taken out into the sunlight,

meant little or nothing."

In the meantime John Remmington took his way to his bachelor apartments at the "Eagle, there he found a letter waiting for him. Breaking the seal, he made himself m

its contents; and looking over his shoulder, reader, we will do the same.

"Son John:—If you do not want to lose your be-trothed wife and the rich dowry she will bring her husband, come home immediately. Walter Rem-

come to choose that place? It is nearly a mile from the village, and with no advantage that I know of except its isolation and loneliness." know of except its isolation and lonelmess."

"It was uncle Remmington's choice, not mine. He thought that it would be better for my aunt, in her present state of health, to be where there was no company or excitement. I did not know you were located at Crawford. Do you not find it dull?"

"I have been here only a few months. No, I can't say that I find it dull. I am very busy. There is nothing like having plenty to do to keep away the blues."

There is nothing like having plenty to do to keep away the blues."

As Irene looked at the strong, self-reliant face, she thought he was not one who would be likely to be troubled with the blues.

"So you are practicing your profession?"

The head, with its rings of chestnut hair, was again bared to the sunshine. With a low bow, he said: said: "I am a country doctor; very much at Miss

Carlton's service."

"You don't look a bit like one!" laughed Irene. "However, I am glad to find that you meet with so much success as to be in such great

demand."

The young doctor smiled.

"That is according as to how you look at it.

I have a good many patients, but they are not very remunerative. In fact, some of them detract from, rather than add to, my income.

Here comes one of them now."

A turn in the road brought a quaint, rustic

A turn in the road brought a quaint, rustic figure into view, clad in a cotton gown and gingham apron, not over clean, and much the

Partly hidden by a faded shawl that was wrapped around it, a baby lay sleeping on her arm.
As soon as she saw Walter, she pushed back the sun-bonnet from her head; revealing a face, young, and yet so old—young in years, but old with the cares and sorrows of maternity, sharpened by poverty and grinding toil.
"Good-morning, Mrs. Brown! How is baby?"
"A deal better, thanks to you, doctor."
As if in corroboration of this statement, baby opened his round, bright, wondering eyes.
"Let me see."

Taking the child from its mother's arms, Walter held it up where he could get a clearer view

of the little wan face.
"He's doing famously."
"He has spells of worryin'," said the anxious

mother.

"It's his teeth, together with what you gave him. Let him have no more soothing syrup, Mrs. Brown, but plenty of bread and milk, and air and sunshine, and he'll come out all right. He's a fine little fellow, and will live to be a famous man—one of our future Presidents, who browse?"

There was actually a smile upon the mother's inched, careworn face, as Walter laid the child back in her arms.

"Thank'ee, doctor. I'm sure it's all your dewin's that he's alive to-day. He was a dretful sick child when we sent fur ye. I dun know how in the world I'm goin' tew pay ye for't. I've got some proper nice yarn, that I spun myself; an' if it so be that you'd like some woolen socks fur next winter—"

socks fur next winter—"
"We'll wait till next winter comes," interrupted Walter. "Where are you taking the

"To mother's. I'm goin' to the village, an' calk'late to leave him there till I come back.
His grandma's 'mazin' fond of him."

"That's right. Take him out every day, if

Walter cast a half-apologetical, half-comical "This is dull music for you, cousin. But, if you will claim relationship with a country doctor, on his daily rounds, you must take the consequences."

"Indeed, I was much interested in the poor woman," returned Irene, inwardly resenting the implication that she was only a fashionable butterily, which she fancied her cousin considered her. "I am glad we met her. What a different look she had when she went on. It almost seemed like another face."

"Well yes: a cheering word or smile has a

"Well, yes; a cheering word or smile has a wonderful effect upon these poor, discouraged souls, into whose life there falls so little sunshine, often doing them more good than medicine."

"I see so much wretchedness and poverty that I am unable to relieve," resumed Walter, after a pause, "that I often think what a bless-

atter a pause, "that I often think what a bless-ed thing it must be to be rich."

Irene colored, as she thought how little she had realized her blessedness in this respect.

"I am afraid that I have thought very little

of this—as yet."
Walter smiled as he looked upon the frank water similar as he looked upon the Irank, ingenuous face.

"You have plenty of time before you, and plenty of ways and opportunities by which you can make up for all deficiencies in the past."

"Ah, but I shall expect your help in regard to the latter."

"I shall only be too glad to render it. I know of so many cases where a little money, judi-ciously expended, would do so much good."

Dr. Remmington made a few brief calls at some houses scattered along the road, and then turned up the steep, narrow one that led to Tower-Hill. "I hope I am not taking you out of your way

"No; I have finished my route in this direction. All the rest of my patients are beyond."

Irene looked at the speaker How profuse most men of her acquaintance would have been in their protestations of the pleasure it gave them to accompany her! He said nothing; but there was something in his look and manner which made her quite sure that it was a pleasure to him.

"When were you in Concord last?"

"I attended some medical lectures there last winter."

winter."
"Perhaps you did not know I was in town?"
"Perhaps you did not know I was in town?"

Walter was too honest to dissimulate "Yes, I knew it."

And never came to see me?" Not caring to give the real reason, the rudeness and discourtesy of her guardian, Walter was silent. Perhaps Irene had some suspicion as to how it

was, for she hastened to say:
"Never mind, now; I will forgive you this time. Only see that you don't repeat it!" Irene shook her finger laughingly at her cousin as she said this.

They were now in front of the building known for miles around as Tower-Hill, so named from the tower that ran up to quite a hight from the main part of it.

It was quite pretentious in its design, only a part of it being completed. The owner dying while it was in the course of erection, and his estate being somewhat involved, his heirs never

Springing from his horse, Walter assisted his cousin from the carriage, just as a serving-man came around from the stables.

"You will come in to lunch?"
Walter looked down in the stables.

Walter looked down into the bright, wistful

face of the speaker.
"You must not tempt me," he said, shaking his head. I have a score more of calls to make before I can lunch. But I shall come—you may be sure of my coming. I shall surely claim a cousin's right to enliven your solitude."

Attracted by the gay voices outside, a lady had come to the window, and stood looking out more them.

If Walter saw her, he did not seem to do so As for Irene, she was too uncertain as to what reception he would meet with to make any movement that would require a recognition.

"In the name of goodness who was that?" she inquired, as Irene entered.

"Who do you think?" was the laughing re-

sponse.
"Some one you was glad to see, I should say," returned Mrs. Remmington, as she looked upon the glowing face of the speaker. "His face looked familiar. It wasn't one of the St. Legers,

was it?"
"It was Walter Remmington."

The elder lady's face underwent a very sensi-

"Walter Remmington! I didn't know that he was in this part of the country."
"Neither did I. But it seems that he is practicing in this vicinity, and boarding at the vil-

Why didn't you ask him in?" inquired Mrs. Remmington, in the querulous tone of self-indulgent, habitual invalidism. "We don't have any too much company in this dull place, good-

"I did; I asked him in to lunch. But he had several more calls to make, so he said. He seems to be very faithful and attentive to busi-

"He has to be!" said Mrs. Remmington, her nose taking a decided upward turn. "I don't suppose he has a cent to his name, except what he earns. I remember him when he was a towheaded boy, living with his mother in a miserable tenement house on Pigeon's lane. His mother took in sewing. They were wretchedly poor. I don't suppose they had enough to eat, half of the time."

Irene's eyes fairly shone with indignation.
"And where was uncle all this time, and my father—God forgive him—when their brother's widow and child were in such extremity as this? And you—could you not have parted with some of your superfluities to have shielded them from

unger and cold?"
Mrs. Remmington drew herself up stiffly "It was a matter of principle with me, niece—indeed, I may say with all of us—not to interfere. Walter's father married beneath him, and as people make their bed, so they have to lie on it. Mary Evans had no one but herself to thank for all her misfortunes. If she had married a man in her own walk of life, instead of seeking to entry with her pretty fee and of seeking to entrap with her pretty face and sly, artful ways one so far above her, she would have been spared any such experience. I, for one, hadn't a particle of sympathy for her."

"I know from the best authority that aunt Mary was far too sensible and self-respecting to seek to entrap any man; her husband loved and honored her to the day of his death, and her son speaks of her with the utmost reverence and affection. And even if she were all you say, it does not justify her husband's relations, vealthy as they were, in refusing to provide for

her."
"She had only her own obstinacy to thank for it. Your grandpa Remmington offered to give her so much a week, and to take Walter entirely off her hands, educate and provide for him, and she positively refused to let him go. After that, of course, none of us would have anything to do with her."

that, or course, none or us would have anything to do with her."

"And I honor her for it! What mother, with a mother's feelings, would give up her child, at such a tender age, promising never to see or claim him? It was shameful to exact such a

Here the lunch-bell sounded, and without vaiting for a reply, Irene picked up her hat and cloves, which had fallen to the floor, and ran up

(To be continued.)

ON THE RHINE.

BY HERMAN KARPELS.

The sunset's flush was over all;
The ruined castle on the hight,
Reflecting back the western rays,
Seemed all aglow with golden light.
We drifted on, my love and I;
The river bore us on its breast—
Right onward toward the crimson glow—
The radiant glory of the West.

Our oars lay idle while our boat
Slow glided down the placid stream;
Softly we spoke, as though we feared
To break the magic of the dream.
The breeze from o'er the vine-clad hills,
That gently swept our boat along,
Bore to our ears from off the shore
The sound of peasant's evening song.

In fitful snatches came the sound,
Oft died in walling chords the strain;
Now women's voices, true and clear,
Took up once more the sweet refrain.
So passed the time, and sunset's flush
Had slowly faded into night;
And, gilding river, bank, and tower,
The moon arose with silvery light.

The last faint echo died—the song
Had passed away, and naught was heard
Save the faint ripple of the waves,
By southern breezes genty stirred.
The silence lay on all around,
And silence fell upon us twain,
Until I spoke; and 'neath the stars
Love's tale was whispered once again.
Long years have passed since then, yet oft
Mem'ry brings back that golden time;
And once again in blissful dream

And once again in blissful dream

My love and I float down the Rhine.

Joe Phenix,

THE POLICE SPY.

A story of the Great City of the Western World in the light and in the shade; in the broad glare of the noonday sun and under the silver beams of the moon; a tale of the men who prey, shark-like upon their kind, and of the secret bloodpon their kind, and of the secret blood hounds of the law, who, through many

a devious, winding way, hunt the wily villains down to their dark, dishonored graves.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XXXVI

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE. The police had hurried along as fast as possi-le, anxious to reach the pier before the outlaws ould land, so as to be able to receive them in a

But the river rats pulled lusty oars, and, aid-But the river rats pulled lusty oars, and, aided by the current, had made quick time, so that when the guardians of the night came with stealthy caution up the dock they suddenly encountered the outlaws, who had landed, made best their heart and warms had landed, made fast their boat and were proceeding shoreward in blissful ignorance that a foe was so close upon

he cried. Surrender, surrender!" shouted Walling,

hardly able to believe that the fellows seriously contemplated resistance. But the outlaws answered the summons by desperate attempt to break through the police line, and for a few minutes there was a violent struggle. The officers outnumbered the thieves struggle. The others outsimpered the thieves mearly two to one, but they had to deal with desperate men and soon the police discovered that they had no easy job upon their hands.

Each and every one of the outlaws was armed and the fellows did not hesitate to use their

As the thieves advanced each officer attempt ed to clutch the man nearest to him, and as it happened two burly fellows "reached" for the

nappened two burly fellows "reached" for the outlaw leader, Captain Shark.

Dodging quickly, he evaded one only to find himself in the grasp of the other. With the desperado it was not a time to stand on trifles, and in a twinkling he thrust the muzzle of the cocked revolver he carried against the breast of the policeman and pulled the trigger.

It was a bloody and violent deed!

Believing the outlaw chief to be secure in the hands of the man who had grasped him, the other officer had turned his attention from him and essayed to seize another one of the thieves, and as the fellow dodged the officer and he turned to pursue him, he saw the flash of the pistol, heard the moan of pain from the lips of the wounded policeman and saw him reel, stagger and fall; in hot haste then he rushed after the

murderer.

Another dark form, too, joined in the pursuit; the police spy had been on the look-out for the outlaw chief, and the instant he heard the report of the pistol, a suspicion seized upon him that it was the report of Shark's weapon which he heard, and so, at once, he flung the fellow whom he had seized into the hands of the nearest officer and immediately joined the pursuit.

Some three or four more of the fellows, in addition to the outlaw leader, had succeeded in breaking through the line, and were running for dear life, hotly pursued by Walling and the po-

dear life, hotly pursued by Walling and the po-licemen who were not burdened with prisoners.

"Hold on, or we'll fire!" yelled Walling, at the top of his lungs, but not a bit of good did the warning do, for the rogues only ran the faster.

One and all of the rascals had selected the river street as an avenue of escape as it was

river street as an avenue of escape, as it was both dark and deserted.

Fast ran the thieves and fast the officers followed. They did not try any pistol practice, for they knew well enough that the chances were ten to one that they would not succeed in hitting their men, and to fire would only retard the musuit.

hitting their men, and to he would only retata-the pursuit.

The thieves were running in the center of the street, and when they came opposite to the entrance to the next dock to the one upon which the struggle had taken place, the outlaw leader suddenly turned and darted down the pier, while the rest kept on, evidently preferring to trust to their heels for safety in the street.

One of you come with me!" the police spy oried; he was in the van of the pursuers. "Two of us can handle him well enough, although he is doubtless armed to the teeth and will fight to the death before he allows us to capture him, for he has put his head in the noose by this night's work!"

The nearest officer followed Phenix, while the The nearest officer followed Phenix, while the rest kept on in chase of the fleeing gang.

Up the pier at the top of his speed ran the fugitive, while fast behind followed the two pursuers, pistol in hand. They had an idea that at the end of the pier the desperado would turn and make a bold fight for his life, and so as they game on they also would their wood click the

and make a bold fight for his life, and so as they came on they slackened their speed slightly, cast a careful glance at their weapons, for they anticipated a bloody conflict and were determined to be prepared for it.

But, to their utter surprise, the desperado, upon reaching the string-piece of the pier at the end of the dock, never turned, but dropped off the end of it into the water.

A cry of amazement came from the lips of both the pursuers as they beheld this unexpected.

both the pursuers as they beheld this unexpected A few seconds later they, too, stood upon the string-piece, and with their cocked revolvers in their hands, glared down upon the surface of the inky tide. They looked to see the head of the fugitive emerge from the dark waters, but to their utter surprise not a trace of their man could they see

He must be under the dock!" the policeman The dock was an open one at the end, and the

spiles could plainly be seen.
"Well, I can't understand this move," Phenix said. "If he has sought concealment under the

said. "If he has sought concealment under the dock, and he can't have gone anywhere else, he must be two-thirds under water, and as he can't get out without being captured while we are here, all we have to do is to remain, and he'll either have to surrender or drown."

"That's so!" cried the policeman.

"But hold on!" cried Phenix, suddenly; "perhaps his idea is to swim from spile to spile under the dock and make his way to the land while we are watching for him here."

that not a word of their conversation escaped

Captain Shark ground his teeth together in vexation as he listened to Phenix's low, calm

vexation as he listened to Phenix's low, calm and clear tones.

"What demon was it that put this man upon my track?" he muttered; "and why does he follow me so persistently? He trails me like a bloodhound. Can he suspect my secret? Who and what is he? His voice and face both seem familiar to me, and yet I cannot remember to have ever met him before. A good genius, too, seems to watch over him; twice already have I led his steps to death's door, and both times by seems to watch over him; twice already have I led his steps to death's door, and both times, by a miracle almost, he has escaped me; the third time, though—" and the brigand paused abruptly and set his teeth firmly together; already in anticipation he gloated over the death of the police spy, for the moment forgetful of the fact that he was a hunted fugitive, whose life hung on a thread, as it were.

on a thread, as it were.

And while the two officers of justice on the pier above were speculating regarding his whereabouts, the desperado was preparing for

With the utmost caution, so as not to make a noise, he removed the boots he wore, took his handkerchief from his pocket, rolled it into a rope, tied one end to each boot, and then slung them over his shoulders.

By the time this was accomplished, the police-man had departed on his mission down the pier, and the spy had commenced to examine the sides of the dock.

them.

Dark as was the night, yet it did not shield the police from discovery. One keen-eyed fellow caught sight of the uniformed line stealing along the dock and he at once gave the alarm.

"The outlaw waited until he heard Phenix walk to the lower side of the dock, and then he dock caught sight of the uniformed line stealing along the dock and he at once gave the alarm.

"The outlaw waited until he heard Phenix walk to the lower side of the dock, and then he ded for the pier where the fight had taken place. Soon he disappeared in the darkness, safe from discovery, even by Phenix's sharp eyes. He reached the other pier—the police were busy with their prisoners at the shore end—unfastened the boat, and, clinging to it, allowed it to drift up the river with the tide.

Once again Captain Shark had escaped captains the control of the dock.

The outlaw waited until he heard Phenix walk to the lower side of the dock, and then he dear for the pier where the fight had taken place. Soon he disappeared in the darkness, safe from discovery, even by Phenix's sharp eyes. He reached the other pier—the police were busy with their prisoners at the shore end—unfastened the outlaw span out on the upper side and headed for the pier where the fight had taken place. Soon he disappeared in the darkness, safe from discovery, even by Phenix's sharp eyes. He reached the other pier—the police were busy with their prisoners at the shore end—unfastened the outlaw span out on the upper side and headed for the pier where the fight had taken place. Soon he disappeared in the darkness, safe from discovery, even by Phenix's sharp eyes. He reached the other pier where the fight had taken place. Soon he disappeared in the darkness, safe from discovery, even by Phenix's sharp eyes. He reached the other pier—the police were busy with their prisoners at the shore end—unfastened the dock and headed for the pier where the fight had taken place. Soon he disappeared in the darkness, safe from discovery, even by Phenix's sharp eyes. He reached the othe

Once again Captain Shark had escaped cap-

CHAPTER XXXVII. DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

AFTER leaving the police head-quarters Ada-a and the Frenchman proceeded straight to the ome of the girl. Very little cor

Very little conversation was there between the two on the road, for the girl was meditating over the strange history of the unfortunate Barlee; and the man, too, seemed very much pre-

lee; and the man, too, seemed very much preoccupied.

At the door of the house where Adalia resided
the pair halted. Monsieur Langueville excused
himself, saying that he had some important business on hand which required his immediate attention, and that he would call the next day to
learn how matters were progressing, although
he had very little hope that the detectives
would succeed in their task, for, as he explained, it was a very common thing for these bloodhounds of the law to promise very much more

With a single moan of pain the officer released his hold and, staggering back, fell bleeding and senseless.

Captain Shark had added another crime to the long list for which he was already responsible.

Adalia entered the house and the Frenchman sauntered on up the avenue, his face gloomy with anxious thought and his brows knitted to-

I am working in the dark," he muttered. "I am working in the dark," he muttered, using now most excellent English and speaking without a trace of a foreign accent. "What does it all mean? I am wandering blindly on like a man under the influence of a hideous nightmare, but in my soul I feel that my steps are tending toward a gulf down which, despite myself, I must plunge to destruction. Who is this man—this police spy, who, like a fearful specter, has stepped so abruptly into my path? Have I taken into my hands the sword of justice only to divert the point against my own breast? only to divert the point against my own breast?

I am walking on dangerous ground; at any moment the earth may open and swallow me up!

What shall I do? What steps shall I take to

wert the danger?"

He paused on the corner of Fourteenth street as he put the question, and in a moody, ab-abstracted way looked around him; with no es-pecial purpose, just by sheer accident, he hap-pened to look down the street, and the figure of man, standing before the window of a jewel-er's shop and apparently intently regarding the reasures so lavishly displayed within, caught

his eyes.

The man was a medium-sized, plainly-dressed fellow, with nothing about his person to attract particular attention as far as any one could see at a casual glance, and yet the moment the Frenchman set eyes upon him the suspicion flashed at once into his mind that the fellow was a detective in plain clothes,

There was a certain something about the man—an air that he could not disguise, for he was not conscious of it, which served to indicate his profession to the skilled judgment competent to decide upon these delicate matters, just as one

decide upon these delicate matters, just as one used to the manners of the stage-artists can generally indicate them in private life from their peculiar carriage and the odd movement of the head, arising from long practice in attitudinizing before an audience.

"I am spotted," he muttered, taking his eyes off the man after claring at him so as not to

"I am spotted," he muttered, taking his eyes off the man after glaring at him, so as not to excite the detective's suspicions and reveal to him that his little game was discovered. "Now, what does this mean? What is he after me for? Can it be possible that I am suspected? It seems incredible; but I'll be certain first that it is a fact before I begin to speculate upon it." So the Frenchman strolled on leisurely up the street, taking advantage of every possible incident to glance around once in a while without exciting the suspicions of the spotter.

The man was after him, but evidently remaining at a safe distance behind, yet near enough

ing at a safe distance behind, yet near enough to keep him in sight.

"I must determine whether he really is after "I must determine whether he really is after me or not," he muttered. "It will never do to allow myself to be frightened at a shadow. If I am watched, then I must be on my guard. The blows have been falling thick and heavy lately, and it begins to look as if the end was near at hand. Well, a man can live comfortably almost anywhere if he has plenty of money, and all the world is open to me for a choice. First, to make sure that my suspicions are correct; and then, if they are, I will speedily take measures so that I can laugh at this bloodhound of a police spy and all his gang."

At First avenue the Frenchman turned abruptly to the left and walked down the street, but in the middle of the block he turned suddenly, just as if he had abruptly made up his mind to take another course, and walked up the street again, encountering the spy, face to face, as he had expected, but passing him by without taking the slightest notice of him. It was no part of the Frenchman's policy to allow the detective to perceive that his game was discovered.

At the corner Monsieur Langueville crossed

At the corner Monsieur Langueville crossed

At the corner Monsieur Langueville crossed the street and again proceeded up Fourteenth street toward Second avenue.

Half-way up the block he crossed over, thus being enabled to get a view of the street behind him without appearing to be anxious to do so.

The detective was sauntering slowly along with his hands in his pockets just as the dogged man had expected. man had expected.

der the dock and make his way to the land while we are watching for him here."

"By hookey! I never thought of that!"

"There may be a ladder in on the sea-wall, by means of which he can climb up. Suppose you go and see while I keep watch here."

"All right, Cap," and then the officer hurried off, while Phenix proceeded to examine the sides of the dock, thinking perhaps that the fugitive might be clinging to a spile somewhere, but his examination was a fruitless one.

And where was the desperate leader of these desperadoes, bold Captain Shark, all this time!

As we have described, he had dropped from the end of the string-piece into the dark waters beneath, spreading his arms out fan-like to break the force of his fall, and then he had quietly, and almost noiselessly, paddled himself in under the dock until he reached the second row of spiles, to one of which he clung, and so near was he to the two men on the dock above that not a word of their conversation escaped

And while he was passing from roof to roof he had taken a sly peep down into the street, and there, sure enough, just as he had expected, was the spy sitting down upon a door-stoop, nearly opposite to the lager beer saloon, pretending to be deeply engaged in the perusal of a newspaper.

newspaper.

The Frenchman smiled scornfully as he the Frenchman similed scornfully as ne emerged into the street again and saw the spy still occupied in his fruitless watch.

"Stay there, my friend, until you grow into the stone!" he murmured. "Neither you nor

the stone!" he murmured. "Neither you nor any of your bloodhound gang will ever trail me through the streets of New York again!" and turning into the avenue he proceeded rapidly

turning into the avenue he proceeded rapidly up-town.

The spy, who by the way was Tom Irving, reputed to be one of the best men on the force, waited patiently for about twenty minutes and then perceiving no signs of the man he was after, determined to visit the saloon himself.

Of course his entering and drinking a glass of lager would excite no suspicion, and if his man was there, he could easily feign an excuse to remain.

main.

And so the spy passed into the saloon, called for his lager, and upon discovering that his man was not in the place proceeded to carefully "pump" the proprietor.

Precious little information he received from the stolid German. The man had forgotten all about the stranger passing through the saloon.

"Many beeple dot in de housen live do dot," he said.

he said.

And so the detective was forced to come to the conclusion that either the Frenchman occupied rooms in the house, in which case it would be an easy matter to lay hold of him at any time, or else he had discovered that he was being followed and had skillfully evaded the chase.

Which of the two theories was the correct one the detective was unable to say, and so in the dilemma he thought the best thing to do was to proceed to head-quarters at once and lay the

proceed to head-quarters at once and lay the whole matter before Phenix.

proceed to head-quarters at once and lay the whole matter before Phenix.

Promptly he acted upon this belief and thus, inside of half an hour, the police spy was in possession of all the facts in the premises.

Phenix was not long in coming to a conclusion.

"He discovered you or else he suspected that he would be followed and took measures to throw any tracker off the scent. This man is no common rogue, and if we are not careful he will beat us, after all, although at present we seem to have him pretty well in our net. I'll see the girl to-morrow and find out what she knows about him. I may be able to gain some important information from her. I would go at once but I have too much to attend to to-day."

And it was on the evening of this same day that the exciting scenes in the thieves' den and along the docks, as detailed in our previous that the exciting scenes in the thieves' den and along the docks, as detailed in our previous that the exciting scenes in the thieves' den and along the docks, as detailed in our previous the found the girl at home but had hardly proceeded to explain his business when there came a rap on the door and a civil-spoken gentleman, when the girl answered the knock, inquired if Miss Cummerton lived there, and said that he brought a message from Monsieur Langueville.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 420.)

THE TUNNEL ON THE LINE.

An amusing incident was recently published, wherein it was related that a lady in a rail-car, by mistaking the place of her husband, leaned forward and kissed his fellow-passenger, while passing through the darkness of a tunnel. The anecdote was the hint for penning the following lines.

H6! all young men and maidens, Who a-touring do design, Whene'er you take an airing, Have a tunnel on the line!

Then, when you are transported, As your loving hearts entwine, Sweet each can kiss his darling, If a tunnel's on the line.

But, if you're very modest, And your lips should fain combine, Look out for rouge and plaster In the tunnel on the line!

If on the far "Nevada," Or the famous "Hoosic" line, Sure you can smack your deary— There's a tunnel on the line!

Or if on foreign travel, To "Cenis" or Apennine, Then wake the loving echoes Through the tunnel on the line!

I've sailed the azure ocean, O'er the beauty-crested brine, But, oh, it was so lonely, With no tunnel on the line.

I've kissed many a maiden
'Neath the honeyed eglantine
But, bless me, 'tis fur sweeter
In the tunnel on the line.

But, do not talk of sweetness—
"Oh! ye gods or muses nine!"
If a maiden loves you dearly
And a tunnel's on the line.

She surely hugs you closer, Like the tendril of a vine And aye so sweetly loving When a tunnel's on the line! Now fain this hint I give you, If to wed you do incline; The sweetest place for courting Is—the tunnel on the line!

Lost Lulu:

THE PRAIRIE CAVALIER.

A Romance of Love and Life in a

Frontier Fort. BY HON. WILLIAM F. CODY,

(BUFFALO BILL.) CHAPTER XX.

GLOOM fell upon all in the fort when the charges against Death-Trailer became known, for with one and all he was most popular, and many doubted that he was really guilty of the murder of the baron, whose sad fate was greatly regretted, for he had won regard and respect during his stay at the outpost.

As for poor Dennis he was at first almost inconsolable; but after an interview with the scout and another with Helen, he seemed to take matters quite easily.

Death-Trailer, the most deeply concerned in the matter, was the coolest of all. He spoke little upon the subject, and was content to await his trial. A FORCED VERDICT.

At length the court-martial was assembled, and Radcliffe, the Guide-Scout, was brought before them, and the charges against him read

out.

When the letters were produced the scout showed no surprise, and to the testimony of Captain Graham he merely smiled.

At length all the testimony against him was brought out, and things certainly looked bad for Death-Trailer; but then the tide turned in his favor when a half-dozen soldiers swore to the coming of the scout to their camp to warn them, his words to Captain Graham, and his voluntary return to give himself up, while before firing upon their comrades he had repeatedly warned them off.

This put another phase upon Captain Graham's testimony, for he had said nothing in favor of the prisoner, but everything against him, and there were those present who began to feel that the captain, for some reason, hated

feel that the captain, for some reason, hated Death-Trailer. When it also became known that he had saved the day for the troops by flanking the Indians and attacking them, it was evident that the punishment would have been light, for his kill-

ing the three soldiers, had not the death of the baron at his hands stared the court-martial in When asked what he had to say for himself,

When asked what he had to say for himself, Death-Trailer arose, and in his calm tones told the whole affair just as it had occurred. He said he was returning from a scout when he came across the trail of the red-skins who had captured Lulu, and at once followed them. until he discovered where they had gone, by following on the track of an unshod mustang and a shod steed, that he recognized as having been made by the animal which be had presented to his ward

hade by the ahma his ward.

Returning to get aid from the fort, he had come upon the baron, and Death-Trailer told of the conversation between them, and its termination upon the coming of Captain Graham and his termination.

Then he went on to say:
"When I left camp so shortly after Baron
Saville it was with the intention of seeking him
and demanding an explanation of his conduct toward me.
"I did meet him and we had some hot words

"I did meet him and we had some hot words together, until at length, feeling that he wronged me, he held out his hand, and we parted good friends—I to go on, that night, leaving as broad a trail as I could, and he to return to camp and come on with the troopers the next morning. I had not gone far before I heard firing, and I returned; but it was very dark in the timber, and though I must have passed very near the baron's dead horse, as my tracks showed, I did not see him, and finding no clew to the firing, I went on my way to the stream and gave my steed a drink.

"Upon my discovery of the Indians, the following day, I went near enough to recognize

lowing day, I went near enough to recognize that Red Willow was their leader, and was dis-covered, and I rode back at full speed and dash-

ed into camp as stated.

"After I had surrendered, I learned from the sergeant that the baron was dead and I was supposed to be the murderer.

"As for those two letters, though they are very like my handwriting, I never wrote them;

Helen looked quickly up, her eyes flashed fire, and she was about to reply, when Ida Vincent

entered the room.

"Oh, Helen, have you heard the awful news?" she cried, her handkerchief to her eyes, for she did feel deeply. Death-Trailer had been the only man she had ever loved with the intensity of which her nature was capable.

"Yes, I have heard all; but I would rather be Redeligh, thereart, and the death for

Radeliffe the scout, condemned to death for murder, than Burt Graham, captain of cavalry in the United States army."
"Helen, my daughter, how has Captain Graham offended?" said Colonel Decatur, reprovesselve.

nam offended said Cookie. Personal ingly.

"He did not tell the truth as it was. For some reason, and I think I know why, he hates Mr. Radcliffe, and his testimony was biased by his hatred; in fact, I believe, as the scout said, there is a plot against him," and Helen left the room, while Ida Vincent turned deathly pale,

and when alone hissed forth:

"That fool Graham went too far. He has lost me my prize. Ay, and I went too far, for though the girl was put out of the way the man for whom I plotted lost his life—but—not—by—the—hand—of—Radcliffe; I feel he is innocent.

cent.

"Well, if I have lost, I have the satisfaction of knowing that Burt Graham will never win Helen Decatur. Ah, my dear husband, we are both defeated; we have lost the game for which we played, and the stakes were large," and Ida Vincent sought her room in no very amiable mood. Had Captain Graham crossed her path then he would have aroused a very tigress.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MINIGHT EXECUTION.

AFTER Radcliffe, the scout, was condemned he went back to his prison, full of the most painful thoughts; but he was a man of remarkable nerve; his face was inflexible; it gave no one who saw him a clew to his feelings.

The night after his sentence a person was admitted to see him, having shown a pass from the commandant.

The visitor was none other than Dennis, and he said, feelingly, as he grasped the scout's hand:

hand:
"I 'ave comed, Misther Trailer, to till yer
that ef it's in my power I'm goin' to be afther
gittin' yer out o' this."
"No, Dennis, I must meet my fate like a man;
we have but one time to die."

we have but one time to die."
"Thrue for you, Misther Skoot, an' by ther silfsame token we 'ave but one time to live—do you mind that, now?

you mind that, now?

"An' whilst we're livin' we moight as well kape it up, fur when we're afther bein' dead we're deader than ther divil, Lord save us!"

The scout laughed at the argument of Dennis, but made no reply, and the Irishman continued.

"Now, I'm not belavin' that Masther Hin-rique is dead at all. Yer see, I 'ave seen that young gintleman dead so ofthen, an' ivery time comed back to life, that I'm durned ef I'll b'lave he's dead until I bees afther seein' him

b'lave he's dead until I bees afther seein' him so with my own eyes, begorra!

"An', Misther Skoot, ef I thought he was afther bein' dead, then I'd be carryin' out his orders; but I'll wait awhile yit, an' it's mesilf that has visited some o' ther boys, ther rigler fellers, an' we're goin' to look fur his precious silf, an' ef we bees afther findin' him, why thin yersilf won't 'ave to be shot fur killin' him."

"No, not if you find him, and I hope you will, for he never died by my hand."

"I b'lave yer, sur; an' now lit me be afther tellin' yer, that ther'll be a young gintlemin in ter see yer, to-night—a young ossifer, all in uniform, an' yer must trate him well, sur."

"Who is it, Dennis?"

Who is it. Dennis?

"Who is it, Dennis?"

"Thet would be tillin', sur, an' I was jist told to till yez that he was comin'. Now, goodnight, sur, an' God bless yer, sur."

Another moment and the scout was again alone with his painful thoughts.

Thus the hours passed until midnight had come and gone, and rising from his seat Death-Trailer was about to throw himself upon his cot-bed to try and sleep when the key turned in the lock, and in the dim light he saw a cloaked form come into his prison-room.

Then the door closed, the slouch hat and cloak were thrown aside, and with a half-cry the soout stretched forth his arms.

"Helen! you here?"

The answer of the maiden was to throw herself upon the broad breast and burst into tears.

After awhile she raised her head and said, softly:

"Yes, I am here to see you, and I came in this disguise—not that I was ashamed of my love for you; but I wished no one to know of my coming, for I am determined that you shall

escape."
"No, Helen; it is perhaps best as it is."
"It is not! You shall not die, and no power will save you unless you can escape. Promise me that you will leave here if I can get you free

in some way."

"No one else must suffer for my sake, Helen."
"No one else shall. You are innocent; I know that you are, and free, you can perhaps trail this mystery and prove your innocence. Promise me, Radcliffe!"
"I promise, Helen."
"God bless you! In ten days you will be led forth to be shot. Before that time you must escape. Keep up hope, for I will plot day and night to save you. Now I must go. Goodnight, Radcliffe."
Thus the two parted, both with hope in their hearts.

hearts.

But the days wore along and yet the prisoner remained in his lonely prison.

At length the day of his execution rolled round, and the morn broke with a dreary rain dropping mournfully upon the earth.

To keep the sad scene from the eyes of the ladies at the fort, Colonel Decatur had ordered that the execution should take place at midnight, and in the little acre of timber where were buried the dead of the fortress.

Also he gave orders that none should go to

Also, he gave orders that none should go to the execution except the officer in charge, the platoon of soldiers, and Dennis and an old trap-per who had volunteered to dig the grave and fill it up after the dead scout was placed within

All through the day the rain fell, and a gale of wind sprung up at night, and whistled mournfully through the fort; keeping within doors all whom stern duty did not call outside.

And over the place hung a pall of gloom; no joyous laughter came from the officers' quarters, usually so gay; no light burned in the commandant's cabins; the soldiers in their barracks spoke in low voices, while the sentinels on their posts glanced furtively about them, as though expecting to see some grim specters stalking about.

At the appointed hour, half past eleven o'clock, a platoon of soldiers, under command of a lieutenant, marched slowly to the door of the guardhouse, where was Dennis and Trapper Dan was it is them.

awaiting them.

Upon the floor of the guard-house was one of those ominous-looking boxes we all know so well—a common pine coffin, stained black.

Upon the lid were a hammer and nails.

"We are ready. Guard, bring forth the prisoner," ordered the officer in charge.

Out into the dim light came Radcliffe, the Fort Guide and scout—pale, yet perfectly unmoved.

As his eyes fell upon the officer and platoon of soldiers, he saluted politely, and, as if by a com-

mon thought, the men presented arms.

Then the eye of the doomed man rested upon the coffin for a moment; but no muscle quivered

Taking his place in the midst of the soldiers,

Taking his place in the midst of the soldiers, he said, simply:
"I am ready, Lieutenant Bolton."
"It is a stormy night, Radeliffe, and raining hard. Throw this cloak around you," said the young officer, kindly.

"You forget, lieutenant, that half an hour hence it will not matter whether I am wet or dry! but I thank you for your kindness," said the scout, pleasantly, and his cool courage won the admiration of all.

Then the order was given: "Forward, march!"

With reversed arms and slow step the platoon noved from the guard-house, past the sentinel t the stockade gate, and out over the prairie toward the clump of timber—the scene of execu-

Into their faces drove the rain, and no word was spoken as they marched along—the lieutenant leading, six soldiers following, then the scout, after him another line of soldiers, and Dennis and Trapper Dan bringing up the rear, carrying between them the coffin.

Into the timber went the grim party, and then came to a halt. While two lanterns were produced, the doomed man took his position, silently, and upon each side of him, a few feet off, was placed a light, that the platoon might see well how to fire.

well how to fire.

"Good-by, Radcliffe. From my heart I feel for you," and the lietenant grasped the scout's

Farewell, Bolton. Please say that I faced death without fear."
"I will, old fellow, I will. A braver man never met death. Farewell," and the lieutenant turned away to hide his emotion.

One by one the men, taking advantage of the eakness of their officer, stepped up and wrung e scout's hand; after which they stepped back into the line—ten paces distant.

Then followed Trapper Dan, and he said,

bluntly:
"Ef them as has done this don't git hell, then may pelts never be prime in market ag'in."
At last Dennis seized the scout's hand and wrung it hard, while he bent toward him, muttering a few low words.

The reply of the scout only Dennis heard, and

hen came, in calm question: Lieutenant Bolton, may I give the word to

"Yes, Radcliffe, and it will be the greatest favor man ever did me," quickly replied the young and noble-hearted officer.
"Attention, platoon!"

There was no tremor in the tones—the voice as ringing and full of fire,
"Shoulder arms!"
"Ready!"

The last order was drowned in the roar of the guns, and without a groan, Death-Trailer, the scout, fell in a heap upon the wet earth, at the oot of the open grave.

Then followed the order of Fred Bolton, in a

"Platon, forward, march!"

As if glad to escape from the dismal spot, the bldiers marched briskly away, leaving Dennis and Trapper Dan to place the body in the coffin

and fill up the grave.

An hour and more passed away, and then two
men, wet, bedraggled, and with drooping heads, issed into the stockade

assed into the stockade.

They were Dennis and Trapper Dan; their ork was finished.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 426.)

THE NEW AGE.

BY FRANCIS GOTWALS.

Oh, dark was the time of the long ago—
That long, long time of wrong and woe!
A tyrant raled on every throne,
And Right lay trampled in the dust,
Trampled by hordes of murder, war and lust:
Truth was forsaken and unknown;
But now an age of brighter years
Succeeds those centuries of tears;
t has beamed upon the world; man rejoicing
stands,

stands, Aspiring and bold, with unfettered soul and hands

Greater men shall stand In this still half-servile land— Shall improve the faulty things that we have planned, planned,
And raise more glorious banners high in
the gale;
Still nobler thoughts support shall find

In the progressive human mind, And greater freedom shall prevail. At the present hour
host of thinking men are rising in their might;
And soon shall dawn the welcome day,
When near and far away,
By wall and tower,
On hill and plain, in vale and glen,
Shall stand a countless throng of men,
orn to trample wrong and proclaim the sacred
right.

Freedom of opinion Shall be in every dominion; and kingly crowns shall fade and vanish one by one, As the stars, now above me, by and by, Will lose their luster in the sky, en upward with a flood of glory rolls the sun!

In a glorious clime,
Free from the errors of the olden time,
We venerate each martyr of the past,
Who taught the truth and died for it at last—
Who rolled the wheel of reformation
And helped to raise a fallen nation
from the depths of ignorance, tyranny and shame:
We see him from afar
A grand resplendent star

A grand, resplendent star, In the configuration That gems the dazzling sky of bright eternal fame

The Pretty Puritan:

The Mystery of the Torn Envelope. BY "A PARSON'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED. SHORTLY after they were driven away, another carriage rolled up the street, from which Mrs. Gardiner, Guy Chandor and Carl Van Alst

The moment that Carl Van Alst entered the parlor, he guessed that something awful had happened, and that it related to himself he could

parior, he guessed that something awful had happened, and that it related to himself he could not doubt, when he saw his uncle's lowering brow, Agnes's colorless, scornful face, and Issalene's blazing eyes and wicked, triumphant smile; but that anything more than suspicion was to greet him, he did not dream.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, proudly and dictatorially. "This gentleman," indicating Guy, who had gently led Mrs. Gardiner to her daughter's side, where she sat in mute perplexity and alarm, "informed me that Miss Gardiner desired my presence here."

"We all desire your presence here." rejoined his uncle, wrathfully. "We wish you to un derstand that your wedding cannot go on! That the man who has one wife living, and has been guilty of bigamy once, and has attempted to add still another to his list of victims, has been detected in his crimes!"

There was scarcely a perceptible change in Carl's handsome, defiant face.

"Suppose you explain what you are talking

Suppose you explain what you are talking

There is no need to explain, if you will read

that!"

Carl took the slip of paper his uncle handed him—the certificate of his marriage to Elise Wallbridge—and as he realized what it was, his dusky face suddenly paled. Then Issalene's laugh rung out scornful and vindictive.

"Ah, you see now what a woman's hate can do!"

Without noticing her, he turned insolently to

Without noticing her, he turned insolently to his uncle.

"Would it not have been less idiotic, sir, for you to have proved the truth of this paper, before making all this fuss about a miserable lie, probably concocted by that insane girl yonder, who is willing to commit any absurdity that she imagines will be a revenge upon me for not happening to fall in love with her?"

"Mr. Van Alst," said Guy Chandor, calmly, addressing the elder gentleman, "if you will allow me to speak, since I am very sadly and closely connected with this affair, I think I can prove to Mr. Alan Torrence that we have a pretty clear case against him."

"Go on!" said Mr. Van Alst, while Carl, with a sneering, impenetrable face, leaned against the arched doorway.

a sneering, impenetrable lace, leaned against the arched doorway.

"Mr. Alan Torrence, in this house, met and made love to Elise Wallbridge, and, strangely enough, no one suspected his power over her, except the one woman whose eyes a rival love made unusually keen. He played fast and loose with his victim, until at last he coaxed or forced her—a shy, timid girl, easily influenced and controlled—into eloping with him. This is proved by this certificate, which has been gained from Elise, who will soon be here to authenticate it. Also, he has been identified by a lady now at the Everett House, who journeyed upon the same train with him last summer from Baltimore or Philadelphia, and—"

"From Philadelphia," interrupted Issalene.

"That was where he kept Elise."

"And to whom he gave this envelope; little thinking that, from the hands of the stranger, it would be thrown into a bureau-drawer at a

t would be thrown into a bureau-drawer at a hotel, and remain there nearly two months, to fall into the hands of the very woman he was endeavoring to win for a wife, and, through her, into the hands of the sister and husband of the girl he had seduced into an elopement, upon

the very day after her marriage Agnes drew a hard, quick breath.
"Why, she was not married to you! Have you not noticed the date of the certificate? She

was his wife nearly a year before that!"

Over Guy's face spread a strange pallor, followed by a look of relief—almost of joy. Perhaps it was scarcely to be wondered at that, after all this misery and mystery, he was glad to know himself a free managain. But, at Agnes's words, the first she had uttered since his enterpres a sudden change came even for the words, the lifst she had different since his chromes, a sudden change came over Carl. He advanced to where she sat, and held out his hands with a look of mad, unconquerable pas-

"Agnes, you know that my love for you has been no lie, but one terrible, unalterable truth! You will not rob me of the one joy in life I covet? You will not believe these things they are saving against me?

Even as he had turned to bitterness the love of others, so, now, his pleadings met only

"Mr. Van Alst! do not dare to speak to me again! Your very presence is an insult and a pollution! Can you not imagine how I loathe

He stepped back, with his face livid and his liquid brown eyes charged with hard despair and reckless effrontery.

"Very well! You cannot loathe me more, if I satisfy you with all the facts! I did like Elise, and the cirl was so fond of me and such a rect." "Very well! You cannot loathe me more, if I satisfy you with all the facts! I did like Elise, and the girl was so fond of me, and such a pretty little Puritan, that I was fool enough to marry her! That was three years ago, next June. It was arranged that she should meet me in Philadelphia, instead of going directly on to Chicago. We stayed there almost a week; her parents thought she was with the Lorrimers. Some time, during her next year at school, I was to make the marriage known. Not a week after, I was summoned to Germany, where I found that my grandfather had just died, and that I, the son of his daughter and eldest child, was to inherit a splendid fortune, only by dropping my own name and taking his, and marrying my cousin Gertrude. I did not stop to consider how I should arrange matters here. Gertrude approved of the will, and we were married. The first thing I did, when I was free and reached New York again, was to seek Elise. I followed her to Chicago, and happened to be at the depot just as she and Mr. Chandor took a train for St. Louis. I got upon the same train, and accompanied them to St. Louis, and discovered by the hotel register who they were. I could not understand Elise's marrying. She was not a girl to betray a secret, and I had sent her a note, just before going to Germany, notifying her that it might be months before she her a note, just before going to Germany, noti-fying her that it might be months before she

heard from me.

"Anxious to discover if she had made any revelations which would endanger me, I instantly wrote her a note, asking her to meet me, as soon as possible, not two blocks from the hotel. soon as possible, not two blocks from the hotel. I watched the house, saw her come out, joined her, and found that she had never revealed her secret, but receiving a note from Issalene Sanfrey, immediately upon her return to Vassar, saying that I was married to Gertrude Van Alst, and not hearing from me, she had believed that I had never really married her; and not daring to confess this to any one, had allowed her self to be married to Mr. Chandor. Her love for me was so violent, and she so dreaded her for me was so violent, and she so dreaded her secret being discovered, that I thought best to bring her East, where I settled her in Philadel-phia, as Mrs. Torrence."

phia, as Mrs. Torrence."

"I suppose you understand," his uncle demanded, coldly, when they had listened to the young man's defiant confession of his wrong doings, "that all but a specified portion of the property that came to you through your grandfather, reverts to myself; and that you are, at this moment, liable to arrest and punishment

"The property you can take! The other revenge, sir, I think you will forego! Since it can only involve in scandal many other parties besides myself, I am sure you will accept my advice to keep it quiet!" and Carl turned insolenttoward the entrance.

As he jerked open the door, a tiny, ghostly, white face met his, and a pitiful, yearning cry ran through the broad hall:

"Alan! Oh, my Alan!"
The man only tore himself rudely away from the little clinging hands, and dashed down the steps; and with a terrible, despairing cry, that wrung the hearts of all who listened, the young wife sunk lifeless upon the threshold that, three Christmas-tides before, she had entered with an unruffled, untutored girlish soul.

CHAPTER XXVII. ELISE LEARNS A NEW THEOLOGY.
It was many hours before Elise Torrence was

It was many hours before Ehse Torrence was restored to consciousness.

During that time, Issalene had shut herself in her own apartments, Guy Chandor had escorted Mrs. Gardiner and Agnes back to the hotel, and Mr. Frederick Van Alst had gone to his rooms, to do all that he could toward setting straight, and keeping quiet, the terrible trouble in which his guilty nephew had involved so many persons. For he had seen that there was, as Alan had scornfully advised, but one course to follow, and that to hush up the whole matter as much as possible. It could do no good to further punish Alan, at the expense of the scandal in which it would involve Agnes Gardiner and the memory of his dead daughter. There was sure to be enough gossip, that would get abroad, as it was. Mrs. Gardiner, too, was thinking of this, as she and Agnes alighted at the hotel, whence the canopy had been removed, and curious waiters were tearing away the magnificent floral decorations within.

Agnes shuddered as she passed wearily up the

Agnes shuddered as she passed wearily up the broad stairways, that at this hour should have echoed with the gay voices of her wedding-

guests.

"My darling, how terribly you must have suffered!" her mother said, tenderly, as the door closed them within the quiet of their little parlor. "Oh, if I could only bear some of this sor-

lor. "Oh, if I could only bear some of manufactors of you!"

"Do not think my heart is broken, mamma! It is only my pride that suffers, and I have deserved this punishment! For days—yes, for weeks, now, my heart has refused to sanction this marriage. But I had not the courage to break it off!" and Agnes leaned her head upon her mother's shoulder, and shed some bitter

tears.

"But you will like to go immediately home, to Meadow Grange. I will telegraph and we can start in the morning. Marie can finish the packing, and come later. I think Mr. Chandor will kindly attend to returning the wedding-presents."

"Yes, mamma, he will do all he can to help us; and I shall rather spend the winter at home; but I cannot consent to go, until I see Elise again, and know what she is to do."
"Very well, we will stay over a day or two, if you wish, but now you must certainly try to get some rest."

The next morning, Miss Gardiner sent for Mr.

The next morning, Miss Gardiner sent for Mr. Guy Chandor, and ascertained that he had telegraphed for Mr. and Mrs. Wallbridge, and had a letter ready to send to Rachel by the Saturday's mail. She then prepared to call at Mrs. Lorrimer's, whither Guy proposed to escort her. Blanche Lorrimer met Miss Gardiner with some constraint. She scarcely knew what manner to adopt toward her friend, until Agnes set her quite at ease, by her entire forgetfulness of self and intense sympathy for Elise. This sympathy Blanche fully shared; and recounted what they had done for the young wife. "The first thing she said, when she came to, about midnight, was, 'Where's Alan?' Mamma told her, as gently as she could, that we had sent for Alan, but he could not be found, as he was not at his rooms. Since then she has not

vas not at his rooms. Since then she has not poken. We brought her baby and its nurse, ut she will not notice it."

Can I see her?

"You were Rachel's friend. I knew it when Issalene told me you were to marry Alan. And you loved him, too? I am sorry for

I cannot say that I loved him greatly, Elise. You need not be sorry for me."
"And you do not care because I stopped your

"Care! I thank God for it! Did you never think how wrong it was, Elise, to keep your marriage a secret?"

"Wrong?" repeated the girl, wonderingly. 'It would have been wrong to tell when he did not wish it. Nothing was wrong that I did for "My poor child," said Agnes, gently, taking the tiny hand, "you are mistaken; everything was wrong that he got you to do. It was wrong to enter into an engagement and marriage of which your parents knew nothing—wrong to keep it a secret. By doing so, see what a terrible sin you enabled Alan to commit, when he pretended to be the husband of his cousin Gertrude, and what a terrible sin you committed against Mr. Chandor. If you had told, there would have been none of this trouble and disgrace that has been going on for two years, and culminated last night in Alan Torrence being a discovered criminal; how much guilt you would have kept him from, and what dreadful misery you would have saved Rachel, and Mr. Chandor, and your parents."

and your parents."

Elise was looking at her with strangely start-

led eyes.
"Have I done all this? Have they all cared?"
"You did not mean to do so much wrong, I

know; but you have caused those who loved you much sorrow—Rachel and Mr. Chandor and your father and mother."

"But they did not love me as I loved Alan!"
"Perhaps not; but they loved you very much, and you had no right to sin so against

"Are they very angry at me?"
"Angry! No, indeed! They all forgive you, am sure, and will rejoice that you are found. Your father and mother are probably on their

"Oh, don't let them come! They will scold me and say I must not love Alan! And I cannot help loving him! I shall die without

"And leave your baby?"
"He did not love the baby, and I do not think I do, much."

"But you will by and by, and your parents will love it dearly, too."

"No, they will be angry at us both."

"My dear child, how can you think so? Why, my mother would love me just the same no matter what I did, and so will yours. Perhaps she will not have the same way of showing it, but she will be kind."

"If I had thought so, perhaps I should have told them. But I did not think any one had ever loved me, but Alan; and when he was gone I had no one to tell my troubles to, and I wanted to die!"

"There was always God, to whom you could tell your troubles, Elise."
"Oh, no! He only likes dreadfully unpleasant,

us people; and I never cared to have anything do with Him."
'Elise," said Agnes, pitifully, "you have rery many things to learn. Your whole life has been a mistake. But, above all things, renember that 'God is love.' He cares, most enderly, for all those who are in error, or astray, and He wishes no one to be other than perfectly natural, and joyous, and true to the jobt."

ight."
"If ministers, and the people who call themelves good, taught that, how much less misery here would be in the world," the girl said, with unconscious irony, condemning those who ad been, in a measure, responsible for her errors and sufferings.

Presently she said with growing interest in

Presently she said, with growing interest in thers than herself:
"Do you know Mr. Chandor?"
"Yes, he is here; would you like to see im?"

"Oh, I'm afraid," she answered, shivering.
"You need not be, of him. He is too noble a
gentleman to think or say anything harsh," and
Agnes signed to Blanche to call him.
In a few minutes the tall, Saxon-fair man was

neeling at Elise's side.
"Poor little girl!"
It was all he said, but the tones were so tener, that Elise commenced to sob, and even

eyes.

"Do not cry, little one! I suffered a great deal at first. It was so hard, you see, not to know where you were, and even whether you were alive. But I have gotten over that now. I am only very sorry for you. If you ever want a friend, you will not forget that I am one, Elisa"

"No; oh, no!"

Her visitors bade Elise good-morning, then, and it was years before they two saw her again.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE READING OF THE MYSTERY.

ALAN TORRENCE took a steamer for Europe
pon the Saturday following the Thursday
hich was to have been his wedding-day to ones Gardiner.

which was to have been his wedding-day to Agnes Gardiner.

This news was not broken to Elise until her father and mother had been with her some days, treating her with a forbearance and affection so unexpected to the poor wife that she had fallen back upon their care and protection with a docile, weary, but spiritless sort of dependence. When she learned that Alan put the ocean between her and him, she consented to return to Chicago, upon her father's promise that he would write to her husband and demand of him a succinct statement of his plans in regard to his wife and child. She still hoped, in her heart-broken way, that Alan would now return to her, or send for her to go to him.

But the letter Mr. Wallbridge sent was never delivered to Alan; the faithless husband traveled directly to Italy, where he remained during the winter, and when that installment of mail reached him, in the early spring, he was tossing in delirious agony with a Southern fever.

Later, the American dailies Alex C. V.

notice: "Died, in Rome, Italy, March —, —, Alan C. V. Torrence, of New York." Probably there was not one of those persons who had been intimately connected with Alan Forrence's life who sincerely mourned his

So Agnes's room was cleared of the bridal jealous Cuban girl, who had been sent to her finery, which her maid packed hastily away, and she was soothed to rest by her mother's genthrough her hoped she would always remain. island home, where those who had suffered through her hoped she would always remain.

"My dear Agnes" said Mrs. Wilde one

through her hoped she would always remain.

"My dear Agnes," said Mrs. Wilde, one day in May, when she had taken a run down to Meadow Grange to visit her favorite, and had casually mentioned Alan's death, "I should very much like to know how that poor little wife of his bears it."

"I had a letter from Mrs. Wallbridge, yesterday. She says that Elise is more quiet and patient under the blow than they had dared to hope. They are going to Europe with her, this summer, and they think that the change, and being with Rachel, again, will do her much good."

"And you have gotten quite over the effects."

good."

"And you have gotten quite over the effects of that horrible affair, I see. You were never looking better and handsomer."

"I am glad to hear it, and so I know is mamma. She has worried about me no end, though there has not been the slightest reason for it. But you said you had so much news to tell us," she added, anxious not to be the theme of conversation.

ta'k."

Blanche led the way to the large room where Elise lay motionless upon the bed, and Agnes went straight to the girl's side.

"Elise," she said, "I am Agnes Gardiner. Will you not speak to me?"

At sound of that calm, musical voice, Mrs. Torrence turned and looked into Anges's weary, white face.

"Yes, indeed; Henrion will be married next fall, and I am very pleased with his choice."

And then Mr. "Yes pleased with his choice."

"Yes, indeed; Henrion will be married next fall, and I am very pleased with his choice." And then Mrs. Wilde gave a tiny sigh as she thought of the hopes she had been wont to cher ish for her son and Agnes. "But I have the greatest surprise of all to tell you," she continued. "Marion is engaged! Guess to whom!" "Impossible! I never was good at guessing. You must be charitable and tell me."
"To Mr. Frederick Van Alst."
"What a magnificent match for her! I hope

"To Mr. Frederick Van Alst."
"What a magnificent match for her! I hope she loves him and will be happy."
"Oh, I assure you she is very fond of him! And he adores her. Do you know that he is arranging to settle all of Alan's property, and more than was really his share, on his wife and child! And, now, Mrs. Gardiner, I want to know when you are going to send Agnes into society again? All of her friends are asking for her."

Mrs. Gardiner smiled.

rith mamma."
"Perhaps Mrs. Gardiner will be persuaded to

"Perhaps Mrs. Gardiner will be persuaded to come, too, this summer."
"We will see," said Agnes when they bade their visitor good-by.
But that night there came another visitor to Meadow Grange who made all Agnes's plans for her. In the sweet-scented May night the two promenaded the old porch, and Guy Chandor said.

Agnes, I have loved you a long time—or it ms a long time to me, there was such utter pelessness in those first months. But ever

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Mrs. Gardiner smiled.

"Agnes knows best when she cares to go."

"Well, I should like to have her come to me, again; for the summer. I am sure I do not know how I shall ever get on without her. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Chandor are coming."

"That will be nice for you," replied Agnes; but for myself I cannot make any plans yet. I feel most like staying here at Meadow Grange, with mamma."

hopelessness in those first months. But ever since I have known myself free, I have dared to dream that you might one day let me love you, and love me in return. Tell me if my dream has been in vain?"

With a knowledge, already, of how utterly her heart had yielded its devotion to this man, Agnes turned swiftly, and laid her proud head upon his breast, and drew down his grave, tender face to hers.

er face to hers.

"My darling, I love you," she whispered.

"God bless you, dear!" he answered, solemnly, and then his golden mustache brushed her cheeks, and his lips claimed the kisses hers gladly yielded.

And thus, the mystery that had strangely involved their two lives was read at last.

THE END.

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ON A TOOTH.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Before me on my desk it lies,
Insatiable acher!
That for four days of agonies
Has made of me a Quaker.
It's been upon the jump that long,
And kept me on the jump, too,
It's naught now but was thumpthing then,
I raged at every thump, too.

I've got the advantage of it now,
And now I am its master;
Ache, jump, thump, rattle all you want,
You will not bring disaster!
Nerve up, nerve up now all you wish,
You will not make me nervous;
Your services can do no harm
For you are out of service!

To-day I am a toothless man:
One tooth less I have got now;
Worse than Time's decaying tooth
Its gnawing I have not now.
My mouth was full of all the pain
Of a Spanish Inquisition;
Ilonged to get a shot-gun and
Then blow it to perdition.

I've laid awake to watch it ache;

It stung me like an adder;
I've gritted all my teeth at it
Which only made it madder.
I've bumped my head against the wall
It from its place to rattle;
I poulticed it and petted it
And still it gave me battle.

I fought a man that it might be

I fought a man that it might be Knocked out without much bo! Which was a very foolish plan For he knocked out another. I passed a dozen dentist shops Without the nerve to enter, Of all the pain in all the world My head it seemed the center.

The door, but jumped right after; At last I sought a dentist shop—
It was no fun for laughter.
My mouth had little room for words
The pain was so much in it,
Said I, "I want this here old head
Pulled right off in a minute."

The dentist fixed his derrick up And firmly set the pinions, Then turned the crank and raised it out

Of its firm-set dominions. And now, old tooth, I'll take revenge And wreak my aggravation, And in this fire I'll let you try The process of cremation!

Tenting in the North Woods;

The Chase of the Great White Stag.

BY C. D. CLARK, AUTHOR OF "FLYAWAY AFLOAT," "THE DIAMOND HUNTERS," ETC., ETC.

THE NIGHT HUNT.—THE SPIRIT DEER,—LARRY IN TROUBLE.

"Hist, boys, hist!" cried a low voice. "Be stiddy; aim low in the bushes, an' give it to him when he shows his head! We'll have him, spirit

It was night in the great woods—night; and It was night as we never see anywhere else under the sun. In front of the picture lay a woodland lake, bearing away to the north, having upon either hand masses of dark woods stretching down to the very water's edge, with here and there an open point where the deer came down to drink down to drink.

The speaker, who after that did not utter a word, lay upon his face in the midst of the ground pine and brake, with his heavy rifle thrown forward, and his eyes fixed upon a point close to the water.

close to the water.

It was an open space on the point, where there was no cover, and where the lapping waves of the little lake washed upon the low, sandy beach with a peculiarly pleasant, rippling sound.

In the darkness of the bushes under which he lay it was impossible to make out the form of the man who had spoken; merely by his shape was you sure that it was a man. Two other forms were dimly visible, lying in the same position, and evidently waiting for something.

There came a peculiar, serpent-like hiss from the left, and another dark form crept out of the bushes on that side and joined them.

"See anything, Little Hand?" whispered the same voice which had spoken before.

"It is time," replied the new-comer, in the guttural tones which proclaimed his Indian blood. "When the moon touches the top of the big pine you will see the Great White

blood. "When the moon touches the top of the big pine you will see the Great White

Silence, then! It is near the time and we might scare it."
There was a dead silence as the bright moon

sailed slowly on through the clear sky, tending downward toward the spot which the Indian had named. A great dark branch, stretching out beyond the others, seemed to intercept the moon-rays for a moment, and a faint clicking sound was heard as the rifles were cocked.

These men were out on a strange mission These men were out on a strange mission which will be explained as we proceed.

Dead silence again—the silence of death, almost, broken only by the sounds which seem to form a part of the wilderness, the croak of the tree-toad, the hoarse bellow of the giant bull-frog, the cry of the loon and the splash of the leaping fish in the waters of the lake. These, 1 say, do not seem to break the stillness of the woods, because they are natural sounds—a part

woods, because they are natural sounds—a part of the great wilderness.

Hark! did you hear that?

There comes a rustle amid the dry leaves, upon a path to the right, and the silence and attention upon the part of the watchers become more intense. Every one throws his rifle forward for all feel that something wonderful is a long to have a synathing of more than comgoing to happen—something of more than com-mon interest. They are here to solve a myste-ry, and if it is possible they are determined to Two of them believe the strange tale which has led them here and two of them doubt it; but, strange as it may seem, the doubters are the most excited now.

the most excited now.

Something, what it is they cannot tell, stirs the bushes to the right. Their plans are laid and they have agreed to a certain course of action, so there can be no mistake or doubt of any kind. Still the rustling sound continues, and then silence falls. One of the doubting Thompson of the party gives vent to a low chuckle ases of the party gives vent to a low chuckle of delight, for he believes that it must be a very material phantom which makes so much stir in

Just then the moon passed from behind the branch, and the yellow rays fell full upon the It showed something to make every hunter's heart thrill with delight, for there, revealed in

the moonlight, stood a giant stag.

He was a beauty. Seven prongs he carried, with every mark which showed age—a patriarch of his race—such a deer as would have led the of his race—such a deer as would have led the hounds a gallant chase over hill and dale—one whose sinews were strong and whose wind was good to face the rugged hills and bound through the dark ravines which thread the mountains of

the New York wilderness. There was something more about this stag which filled them with wonder. driven snow he stood there, under the rays of the moon, his great head lifted high, and his

eyes fixed upon the lake, watching, with the eager, intent gaze of his species, for the least approach of danger, before he bent his head to drink. The watchers were old hunters. Many a time, ere now, they had brought down gallant game, but never before had they seen such a sight as this.

passed from man to man, and every rifle was lifted—rifles which seldom missed, and at that distance surely could not. As they looked along the double sights every one made a movement

of surprise, and lowering the piece looked wildly at the point.

The stag was gone!

Gone in a second—in the twinkling of an eye!

Vanished utterly, leaving no sign, and the four

men arose.

"By George, Arthur," avowed one of the doubters, "the Indian is right."

"I weaken," replied Arthur. "I'll own that this beats me, and I'll say that I don't wonder men say that the Great White Stag is nothing are this. Let's go down on the point and

look."
"But where did he go?" demanded the first

"Where did ne go?" demanded the inst speaker, in a puzzled tone.
"Where is the last year's frost?" answered the Indian, in a solemn tone. "If my son would find the Great White Stag, let him look in another land than this. Such deer as this my fathers chase through the Happy Hunting Grounds, but mortal bullets cannot

The four men stepped out into the moonlight. First came Arthur Chambers, a New Yorker, who loved the woods so well that two months of every hunting season were spent among them. Harry Mattison, a down-East man, fresh from Harverd who sought health and strength in the Harvard, who sought health and strength in the midst of the balsam, spruce and pine. Then came Abe Stanchfield, hunter and guide, who came Abe Stanchfield, hunter and guide, who had lived so long in the woods that the very name of the city made him shiver. A tall, burly man, with a hard, angular face, the prince of good fellows, and a lover of the woods from boyhood. And last, but not least, Little Hand, the Oneida, a pure Indian, the chosen friend and companion of Abe Stanchfield, a man on whose head the snows of sixty winters had fallen, "yet his form was not bent, nor his strength abated." He would tire the youngest of the party on a long trail, and even Abe Stanchfield, that artful man, was not his match in forest lore. He advanced with a springing, elastic tread, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, and they stood together upon the sand near the spot where the Great White Stag had stood.

"See!" cried the Indian, pointing to the sand.
'He was here, for I show you his trail."
Upon the soft sand near the water's edge they

could see the hoofprints of the stag, and it need-ed only that to convince them that he was of wonderful size, even if they had not seen him. "This gets me, boys," confessed Abe Stanch-field. "I don't pretend to know any more than my neighbors, but I say that never in the hull course of my nat'ral life did I ever see such a huff as that on a moose, let alone a deer. What

do you say?"
"I say that we don't break camp until I've had one shot at him, anyhow," replied Arthur Chambers. "I can't believe yet but what there is an explanation to this mystery, if we could

Little Hand shook his head slowly, and looked at the speaker, with a strange smile.

"For seven years have I trailed the Great White Stag," he said. "Three times have I fired at him, seven times he has vanished from my sight. The bullet is not yet run which is to lay him low."

At this moment they heard a wild yell and a thundering report from the bank of the lake, half a mile above. All started and looked up the lake and could hear a voice which even at that distance had a Hibernian sound, but whe

that distance had a Hiberman sound, but whether in rage or terror they could not tell.

"It's Larry!" cried Arthur. "Come on, boys; the blockhead has got into trouble."

And, bringing their rifles to a trail, they bounded away along the strip of sand on the shore of the beautiful lake.

(To be continued.)

A Gentle Savage.

BY A. GOULD PENN.

GLENNIE HESTON was the happiest girl in Winton.
She was usually of a sunny, lively disposition, but on this particular May morning she fairly rivaled the saucy mocking-bird that kept up a miscellaneous concert from his cage on the

Where now, Mr. Lee?" she called to her bro-

"Where now, Mr. Lee?" she called to her brother Ralph, who was coming from the direction of the barn, mounted on his favorite mustang, and dressed in his hunter's costume.

"Off for a day of it with Will Marsh," he replied; "won't be home till night, Puss, and here's a letter for you to read and ponder over while I am away," and Ralph rode up to the gate and handed her the large yellow envelope. Ralph Heston, on leaving college, had joined a surveying-party in the far West, and in this roving life he had grown from the pale, slender student to the robust plainsman, retaining all tudent to the robust plainsman, retaining al his natural free and frank ways, intensified by the wild life of the plains. But by the pleading of his widowed mother, who was in delicate health, he had returned to his Eastern home, resolved to remain with his mother and little sis-ter so long as they might need his care. He had found ample employment in his profession of civil engineer, and a year at home had sufficed to tone him down, and make him, as Glennie de-

red, "a gentle savage."

Now, that is too bad!" somewhat pettishly exclaimed Glennie, as, walking back toward the house, she perused the letter Ralph had giv-

"What is it, daughter?" asked the invalid mother, seated in her easy-chair at the open

"Why, mamma, here is a letter to Ralph from that wild, harum-scarum chum of his whom he delights to call Devil Dick—Richard Nelson, for civilized—and Mr. Richard Nelson announces that he is coming to make the visit Ralph has been demanding so long. He will arrive in a few days, and, oh dear! what shall we do, mamma?" a look of comical distress clouding her face as she handed the epistle to her

Why, Glennie, I shall be glad to welcome Ralph's dear friend. You know he saved my boy's life once, and Ralph loves him as a broth-

Yes," answered Glennie, dubiously, "but he's such a bear—a veritable grizzly, from Ralph's description, and we shall have nothing but Indian fights, scalp-dances and buffalo-hunts all summer, to say nothing of the shock to our good neighbors by the pranks of these two bears. Oh, dear!" and Glennie sauntered off among the trees and flowers to quickly resume her sunny nature and forget the anticipated

A few mornings later Ralph rode away on his mustang leading another duly saddled and bri-dled in western style, for the railroad station, some five miles distant, to bring the expected visitor. But at noon-time he returned alone, announcing that an accident had happened to delay the train, and it would not arrive until late in the evening. He had left the other pony in care of the station-master, until he should re-turn for it.

The warm afternoon was drawing slowly to a close as Glennie Heston cantered down the road on her favorite horse, intent on enjoying her customary exercise, for she was an accomplished horsewoman, and took great pride in her equestrian skill. Now ambling slowly along the shady road, anon urging her horse into a wild gallop, she enjoyed to a full extent the delightful air of the closing day.

At length far ahead in the deepening gloom.

At length, far ahead in the deepening gloom of evening, she descried a horseman approaching, and resolved to turn and retrace her route homeward. But, the mettled animal she rode grew perverse, and losing patience, she plied her whip to compel obedience. And now the mad charging and prancing of her steed called forth all her strength and tact in the effort to force obedience to her will. A sudden snap left the reins in her hands, while with a bound at the freedom thus gained, her horse flew wild-

ly down the road.
Glennie, pale and frightened at the danger, could but cling to the saddle helplessly and hope

that the now maddened horse would bear her home, unharmed. But in this she was soon doomed to disappointment. Sounds of pursuit faintly reached her and served to cheer her somewhat, but, as if also aware of a pursuer, her horse dashed from the well-worn road into a by-road, and with renewed energy plunged ahead with his helpless burden.

The sounds of pursuit grew more distinct, and

anead with his helpiess burden.

The sounds of pursuit grew more distinct, and glancing furtively backwardshe beheld a horseman following with eager haste, and she knew that he was gaining slowly upon her.

Yes, help was coming. A tall young man with a broad-rimmed sombrero on his head and long flowing hair leaned forward in his saddle.

with a broad-rimmed sombrero on his head and long flowing hair, leaned forward in his saddle and urged the fleet mustang he strode to greater speed. Rapidly he lessened the distance between them, both horse pursued and horse pursuing bending all their strength and fleetness in the race. But the dashing runaway had found his match, and soon the mustang was allowed. suing bending all their strength and fleetness in the race. But the dashing runaway had found his match, and soon the mustang was alongside; then its rider reached out quickly and grasped the bridle of Glennie's steed, while his own, from its early training, checked suddenly, bringing the runaway back on its haunches.

Quickly dismounting, the wild-looking stranger lifted the now helpless lady from her saddle and sustained her limp form with his

stranger litted the now helpless lady from her saddle, and sustained her limp form with his strong arm. But her weakness was only tem-porary. Rapidly regaining her strength, Glennie stood upon her feet and gazed at her

"Oh, how can I thank you, sir?" she ex-"None needed at all, miss—madam—that is I—" and the great, strong fellow stopped in confusion, and to hide his embarrassment began

to tie up the broken rein of the now panting animal. Some time was occupied in this man-ner, and at length he said: "Your horse is ready now, miss; shall I assist you to mount?"

you to mount?"

Again expressing her heartfelt gratitude, Glennie was assisted into the saddle, while the stranger mounted his own pony that had stood quietly by, and accompanied her to the main road. Here she again thanked him for his timely aid, and as he bowed and lifted his hat awkwardly, she wheeled her horse and soon disappeared in the direction of home, where she soon arrived in safety and related to Ralph her adventure.

wenture.
"What did this stranger look like?" eagerly

"What did this stranger look like?" eagerly inquired her brother.
Glennie quickly described her rescuer, when Ralph fairly shouted, "Devil Dick, I bet a million!" and hastily clasping his sister in his arms, he gave her a hearty kiss, and, hurriedly springing into the saddle of his own mustang, set off down the road at a reckless speed.

The meeting between Ralph Heston and his old friend, Dick Nelson, was joyous indeed; doubly warm from the gratitude Ralph felt to his friend for his gallant chase and rescue. And the surprise of Dick Nelson when he learned who the fair woman was he had so fortunately who the fair woman was he had so fortunately

secued can better be imagined than told. Wearied by excitement and nervous strain inrident to her adventure, and, withal, a little piqued at the knowledge that the gallant stranger was the identical bugbear she had been dreading, Glennie Heston did not appear again that evening, so Ralph had his old chum all to bimed!

The next morning she met and received her introduction to Nelson, and at once opened a lively conversation, to which he could be induced to reply only in monosyllables until Glennie despaired of ever drawing out the bashful hero. Alone with Ralph he was all life and animation, but a single glance at a woman sufficed to subdue him o subdue him.

However, as the days passed, a wonderful change took place, and the Devil Dick came out in a more beaming attire, and under Ralph's tu-

torship learned rapidly the many little essentials that go to make the polished gentleman.

The delightful summer days were passed in various employments and amusements incident to the country. Balls, parties and picnics followed in rapid succession, and Dick Nelson became a favorite among the young ledies and an expense a favorite among the young ledies and an expense a favorite among the young ledies and an expense a favorite among the young ledies and an expense a favorite among the young ledies and an expense a favorite among the young ledies and an expense a favorite among the young ledies and an expense a favorite among the young ledies and an expense a favorite among the young ledies and an expense and an expe came a favorite among the young ladies and an uncomfortable rival to the young men. As for Glennie, she forgot her chagrin at his coming, and he was treated as another great, strong

brother.

And so it came to pass that the busy brain of Glennie Heston had been concocting a surprise in the nature of a grand party on the occasion of Ralph's birthday anniversary. So quietly and cunningly she planned it that no hint had reached either Ralph or his guest. They came down on the morning of the eventful day arrayed for a hunting-excursion, and were confronted by the little woman unexpectedly.

"Where now, you great gad-abouts?" she demanded, imperatively.

nanded, imperatively.

"A ramble, sis," answered Ralph.

"I forbid it!" she quickly exclaimed, stamping her foot to compel respect.

"Well, well," said Ralph, "by what authori-

ty, and for what reason, little woman?"

'I must be obeyed without question, sir. Go back and resume your civilized garbs immedi-

ately, as I have need of your services!"

Laughing heartily, the two men chose to obey, and accordingly returned to their rooms to make the required change.

During their absence, fortunately, most of the invited guests arrived, and when the young men came down they were confronted by a host of young people, and Ralph was speedily enlightened as to the cause. The day was passed in various pleasures, and

twilight coming on found the guests dispersed throughout the grounds in quiet groups each bent on their own enjoyment Glennie Heston, for the first time that day, und herself alone, and being somewhat tired, he determined to seek the quiet precincts of the parlor for a few moments of rest and reflection. But the notes of the grand piano arrested her footsteps as she approached the door and she

stopped to listen. Some master-hand was touching the keys and bringing forth from the instrument such weird and sweet music as she had never heard be-

Who could it be, for among her many guests Who could it be, for among her many guests she knew of none so accomplished as this mustician must be? Quietly she opened the door and stepped into the room. A manly figure at the piano loomed up in the deepening gloom, and still unaware of the intruder continued to draw the wonderful melody from the instrument. Slowly she approached the unconscious musician, and at last laid her hand softly on his devaled. cian, and at last laid her hand softly on his shoulder.

Without starting at the touch he turned him-

self about and imprisoned the little hand in his own.
"Why, Mr. Nelson—can it be possible!" she exclaimed. "I am astonished! You naughty fellow, why have you kept me ignorant of your musical skill?"

"Glennie—beg pardon—Miss Heston, I am glad you have come, for I was fast growing homesick thinking of the home so far away and my own superb piano, for you must know I have had a musical education. Come, sit down here on the sofa by me, and I will tell you more about myself

She suffered him to lead her to the sofa, and seat himself beside her, still retaining her hand in his own broad palm.

"I will make my story brief, Glennie—I must call you so—for there is little to tell. My father moved to the West on the death of my mother, which occurred when I was quite a small boy. He became very much of a recluse, devoting his time to authorship and to my education, which he personally superintended. He was a lover of music, and gave me every advantage to acquire skill in that accomplishment. When I became of age I joined the party your brother Ralph was with, and my love of hunting and scouting made me of great services to the expedition service to the expedition.

service to the expedition.

"Not having had opportunities of a social nature, I was at a loss in refined society, and you know my awkwardness and diffidence on my arrival here. Glennie, to you I owe much. Your kindness and sisterly interest in me have completely changed my views of life, and awakened in my heart a desire—"

A loud chorus of voices here interrupted further speech, as the guests came trooping into the parlo

"Oh, here they are!" exclaimed a chorus of girlish voices. "You torments, we have been searching for you all over the grounds."

Soon the little parlor was brilliantly lighted, and with music, dancing and various amusements the evening hours sped rapidly, until finally the last of the guests departed.

Again alone with Glennie, Dick completed the sentence that had been so suddenly abbreviated by the guests, and what he said was evidently acceptable to Glennie or she would not have suffered him to take her in his strong arms as they stood upon the moonlight veranda and emphasize the good-night by a kiss. This turn of affairs was approved by Ralph and his mother, for Glennie's happiness was all to them, and, besides, what more natural than to take into their hearts as brother and son the

THE LAST SONG.

guest who had long since won a place there by his many manly qualities?

BY ANNIE WILTON

A poor tired mother had been busy all day, Keeping pace with her duties; so strong Was her love for the dear little children at play, And the babe, now asleep with her song.

See, her low rocker stands in its favorite place, Her basket, with work filled so deep; She sits down, when, lo! there's a smile on her

Has Nature refreshed her with sleep? She hears not the children shouting in glee; She knows not the baby's awake; For an angel bas folded her lids peacefully In a sleep which no mortal can break.

Sleep on, tired mother; take thy beautiful rest; But who'll lead the children along? No more will they nestle on thy loving breast, And the babe go to sleep with thy song.

Twice Shot.

BY EDWARD L. WHEELER.

At the close of an August day, which had been sultry and breathless on the great prairies, just as the hazy red sun was kissing the billowy horizon, five reckless, dare-devil horsemen, officers in Uncle Sam's service, dashed down a slope into a little fertile valley, where the hand of man had made the initiatory steps toward a frontier home—namely, the building of an humble cabin, and planting of a garden-patch and a few acres of corn, which now waved and rustled in the dying sunlight.

and a few actes of corn, which how waved and rustled in the dying sunlight.

Before the cabin door the horsemen drew rein, with a flourish, as if they were sure of a victory. All were men under thirty-five years of age, experts in the saddle, and stalwart, handsome fellows, many of such as Uncle Sam can boast with just wride.

with just pride.

An old man sat in the doorway of the cabin, smoking his after-supper pipe—a man on whom sixty summers had left indelible traces, in his furrowed face and snow-white hair, and his bent form—a man who had seen long years of service upon the border, and fought danger and death

with impunity.

He was humbly dressed, and the crutch by his side proclaimed that he was decrepit, and

fast hurrying toward the grave.

And as he gazed at the array of officers drawn up before him, from out of his little, half-closed eyes, he started visibly, and a strange pallor shot from his mouth upward over his grizzled

The leader of the horsemen laughed sarcastic-The leader of the horsemen laughed sarcastacally, as he noticed the old man's agitation; then he spoke, his tones tinged with triumph:

"At last, John Varley, we have found you, fleeing as you have been from justice, for the last ten years—found you where no one would ever have thought of looking for you. Do you

"Y-y-es!" the old man faltered, remaining motionless, and puffing harder at his pipe. "You are the son of Hiram Atherly."

"Correct; I see you observe the family resemblance. I am Captain Jack Atherly, the son of the man you foully murdered, ten years ago."

ago."
"Hold! you lie, young man," John Varley cried, his voice ringing youthfully, "when you say murdered! I fought Hiram Atherly face to face, muzzle to muzzle, and put a red spot on

But that was not murder, "Yes, it was murder or manslaughter, in the eyes of the law. Besides, you left a young, sorrowing wife with a half-grown son, and a babe upon her breast; that half-grown son is Varley—you shall fight me as you fought my father, or you shall go back to Bovoir, and stand your trial!"

stand your trial!"
"Gentlemen!" the old man replied, turning to
Captain Jack's companions, "you have heard
his version of the story, and I beg you to hear
mine. I am an old man, and my hand is no

mine. I am an old man, and my hand is no longer steady, and my eye cannot creep among the sights on a rifle-barrel as it once could, or I would crave nothing of the whole of you.

"I shot and killed Hiram Atherly, but why? Need you ask, when I tell you how he came to my peaceful home, with his lying, flattering tongue and fascinating ways, and stole from me and our child the love, honor and affection of my wife? Yes, I killed him, and she, thank God, fled into the Indian country, and her scalp paid the penalty. And you, young man, want my life because of it—because an injured man demanded satisfaction, and won it? demanded satisfaction, and won it?

"I cannot fight you, for my hand is unsteady and cannot clutch a pistol straight; nor would I willingly go back to Bovoir to stand my trial, for my life would be sworn away; but if you insist upon continuing the feud, I have a substitute to the terms leave and deleter will be the substitute of the terms leave and deleter. "Aha! a substitute, eh? Well, that will perhaps answer the purpose, for I must have satisfaction. Bring out your man, and let's look at

John Varley bowed, and then rapped upon the

door with his crutch.

"Kitty!" he called, "come here."

In answer, a young maiden of barely seventeen summers came into the doorway, and such a vision of loveliness was presented that the officers involuntarily gave a cry of admiration. A beautiful little creature, petite of form, and pretty in each feature, with a clear blue or recommend. pretty in each feature, with a clear blue eye, a sweet rosy mouth, and hair long and like the sunlight of a summer's day. And John Varley looked with pride upon his

Hall John Variey looked with pride upon ins little angel in pink calico, and shot a glance of defiance at Jack Atherly, at the same time.

"What is it, papa?" the maiden asked, stroking the old man's hair, and gazing fearlessly at the array of officers.

"Who are these men?"

"They are man hunters. Withy deep reserved.

"Who are these men?"
"They are man-hunters, Kitty, dear—men who seek your old father's life. Yonder man with the big mustache is Jack Atherly, of whom I have told you. He demands satisfaction—will you give it to him?"
"Yes, dear papa—a hundred times yes! They shall not harm a hair of your head while I live and am able to defend you. Yes, Jack Atherly, dismount, pace off the distance, and I will end this feud."

Atherly laughed with keen sarcasm as he slid from the saddle, followed by his companions.

"Big talk for a young woman that!" he remarked, with a sneer; "I should refuse to fight marked, with a sneer; "I should refuse to fight one of your sex; but you have willingly chosen

to stand for your father, and I will certainly make my mark on you."

"And I shall return the compliment in good earnest," replied Kitty Varley, going back into the cabin, with an expression of firm resolution

While some of the officers were measuring off

could not have satisfied my desire for vengeance better. By killing the girl, I can strike you a deeper blow than though I were to kill you out-right. You must have heard that I am a crack shot?"

"Dunno as I have. Reckon Kitty can put twenty bullets out of twenty into the same hole. If you can beat that, why, you stand a tolerable show."

Atherly stared, but answered:
"If she wins, you will receive no further molestation, at my hands," he said. "If I win,

He did not finish, but the well implied a

Kitty came from the cabin, a loaded revolver in her hand; then they took their places, face to face, ten yards apart, each resolved to fire for

Up came the revolvers, and one of the officers spake the initiatory:

"One."
"Two!" slowly, hesitatingly.
"Three!" quickly, sternly.
Then there were two sharp reports. Atherly lay upon the ground; Kitty stood proudly erect, a rivulet of blood cozing from her

"The feud is at an end," Atherly gasped.
"Officers, return to the fort, and proclaim John
Varley an innocent man. I have been vanquished and I cave!"
The officers did noture to the fort. And so The officers did return to the fort. And so did Jack Atherly, some weeks later, when fully recovered from what had so nearly proven a death-wound.

But he went not alone. Kitty and Old John Varley went not alone. Kitty and Old John Varley went with him.

Kitty had learned to love him, and when he lingered near the gates of death, he found that he had been hit too near the heart to live with-

And, now, a happy couple, loving and true to each other, they are doing the cities and towns of our continent, and playing before crowded houses, under an assumed name, doing most wonderful execution in their shooting feats Can you guess them?

Ripples.

A CHICAGO man has written to one of the Astors: "Send me one million dollars, or pre-pare to die." How grand it would be to die in

defense of a million dollars. COL. INGERSOLL wept when he heard Lotta sing the "Sweet By and By." Maybe. But he would swear if he could hear the young man cover the record young man over the way play it on the accordeon.

A WITNESS on the stand, in reply to a question as to what the character of Mr. D. was for truth and veracity, said: "Well, I should say that he handles the truth pretty care-

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.

"HEY, Tommy!" said a five-year-old urchin to another in the street, "we've moved into a house they call flats, 'n' yer don't have ter go up-stairs, but ride up in the ventilator, 'n' mother sends all the washin' to the foundery." THE champion absent-minded young woman resides in Waterford, N. Y. A few days after her marriage she had her furniture insured, inserting her maiden name in the policy; she ex-

plained that she had forgotten she was married. A POET sings: "You may live without poetry, music and art: You may live without conscience, and live without heart." We take exceptions to this assertion. A man might live without music, art, and heart—or fried liver, either—but we don't see how he is going to worry along without poetry.

THERE was a little fellow who knew Mother THERE was a little fellow who knew Mother Goose better than he knew his Bible. One Sunday he was asked in his class, "Who were thrown into the flery furnace?" That was too much for him. The question was passed; the answer came promptly, "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego." This was a mortification to the little fellow; and when the next question came, "Who put them in?" he answered with a jump, "Little Johnny Green!"

WHEN Mr. Billony went home and saw a handsome bouquet reposing on one of the par-lor chairs he mentally observed that it was a shame to let such beautiful flowers lie there to wither: so he took them up tenderly, production a basin of water and placed them carefully therein—and the same instant his wife gave a piercing shriek and fainted dead away. But it was too late. Mrs. Billony's new spring bonnet

THE lady who writes over the signature of Roberts in the Washington Capital pungently remarks: "Life is short, but extremely various, and it is the female portion of this terrestrial globe that prevents it from becoming monotoous. A man can be mean, base and dishonor able; but a woman, when she starts out in that line, has the inside track. I know this to be true, because I am a woman, and I am morally certain that when I start out to be mean and disagreeable I can beat any two men living."

HERE is a recipe for making pic-nic lemonade. irst get your barrel. Then fill it with water. First get your barrel. Then fill it with water. Don't be mean, but put in plenty of water. Now throw a pound of white sugar into the barrel. Squeeze in a large-sized lemon. Don't barrel. Squeeze in a large-sized lemon. Don't be mean about the lemon, either, but put the whole of it into the barrel. Stir with a long pole, and call the children up immediately. As fast as they drink, fill the barrel with cold water. Have two stout men to haul water all day. The beverage thus made is cheap (if the lemon is bought at whelesele) and is mit be better. s bought at wholesale), and is quite healthy,

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consideration of the Homes, the Brightest Readers, and the Lovers of a *Good* Popular Litera-

While some of the officers were measuring off e distance, Atherly turned to the old man. "John Varley," he said, triumphantly, "you will command for it the widest circulation.